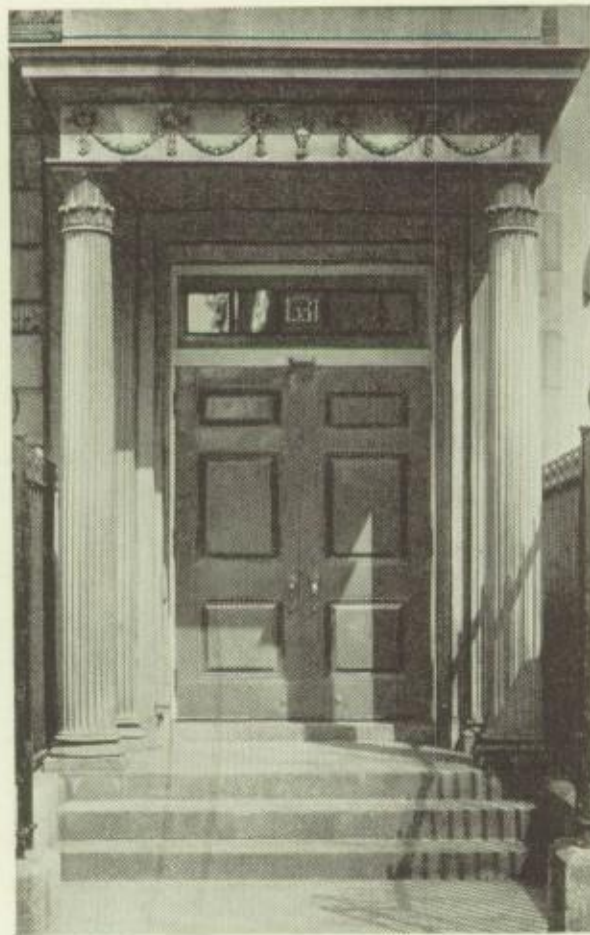


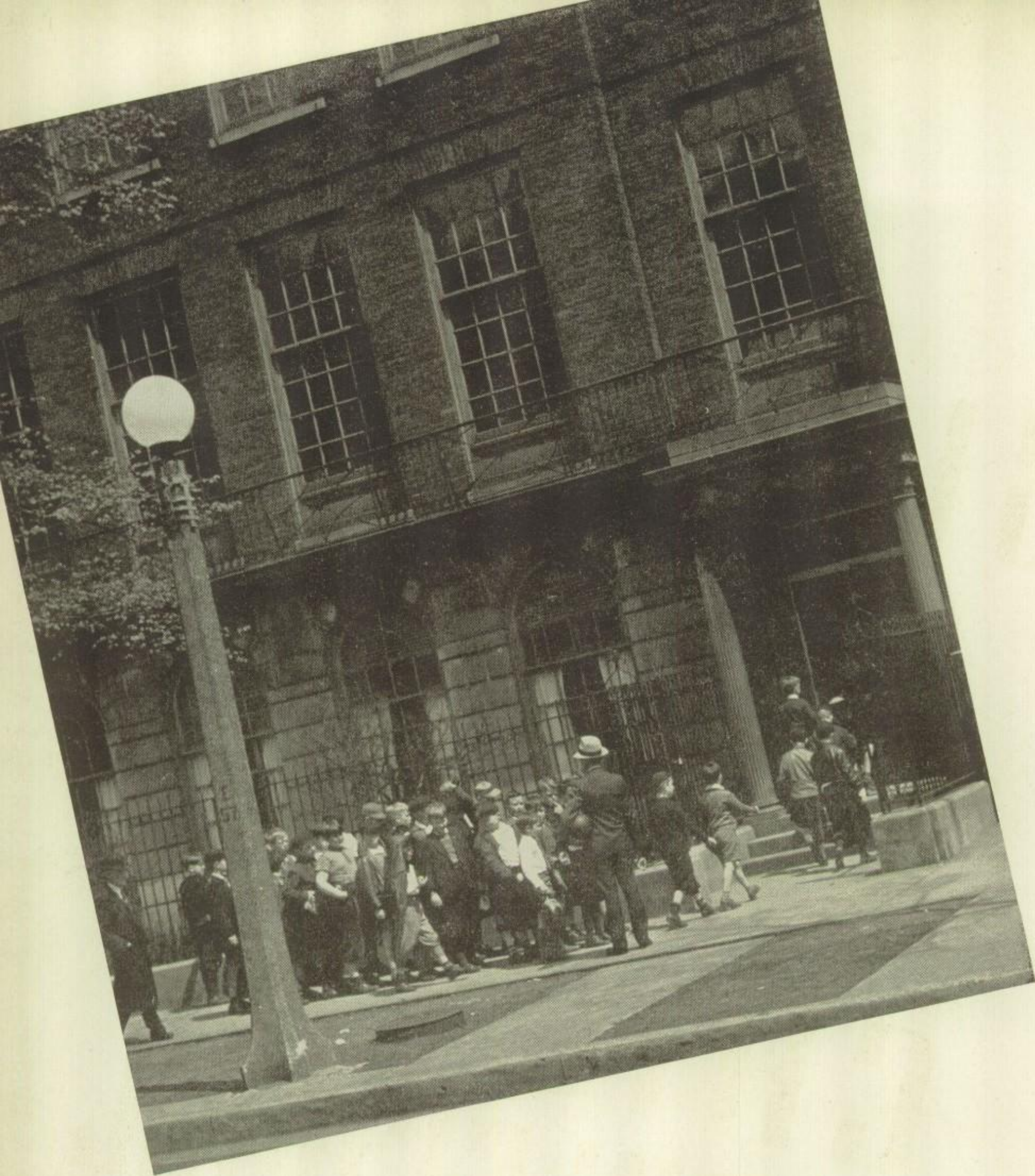


SIGILLUM
1938

**FIFTY YEARS
OF CHICAGO LATIN**



**S I G I L L U M
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P R E S E N T I N G
SIGILLUM
F O R 1 9 3 8

**FIFTY YEARS OF
CHICAGO LATIN**

**CHICAGO
LATIN SCHOOL**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Dedication

THIS year's Sigillum, devoted as it is to a record of Fifty Years of Chicago Latin, can make no more appropriate dedication than one to education.

Through the ages the torch of progress is carried by education, that one light that leads always, onward to greater heights for civilization.

To those through the past half century who shared in the struggle to bring education to Chicago Latin's youths, to that inner drive which kept them pushing forward to greater heights, to mankind's and our present century's only hope, Education, this volume is humbly dedicated.

AN INTRODUCTION

This year's Sigillum is devoted to celebrating the anniversary of Fifty Years of Chicago Latin. A half century has passed since the School was founded, and today we of the graduating class salute the many classes preceding us.

The record of Chicago Latin is a proud one. It has been our objective, within the few pages of this volume, to outline something of the history and development of the School. We have thought it fitting that contributions from alumni should occupy a considerable portion of this record. To all those who responded to our call for material, our thanks for helping to make this section of the volume possible. With so many sons of Chicago Latin in the ranks of distinguished Chicagoans, we are sorry that more of these alumni contributions could not appear.

The book is divided into six sections as follows:

- Historical Background
- Contributions from Alumni
- Faculty
- Seniors
- Activities
- Athletics

We hope that these pages will bring back many pleasant memories and that the traditions of the School will always be carried on with the same fealty, standing for only the highest and best in secondary education.

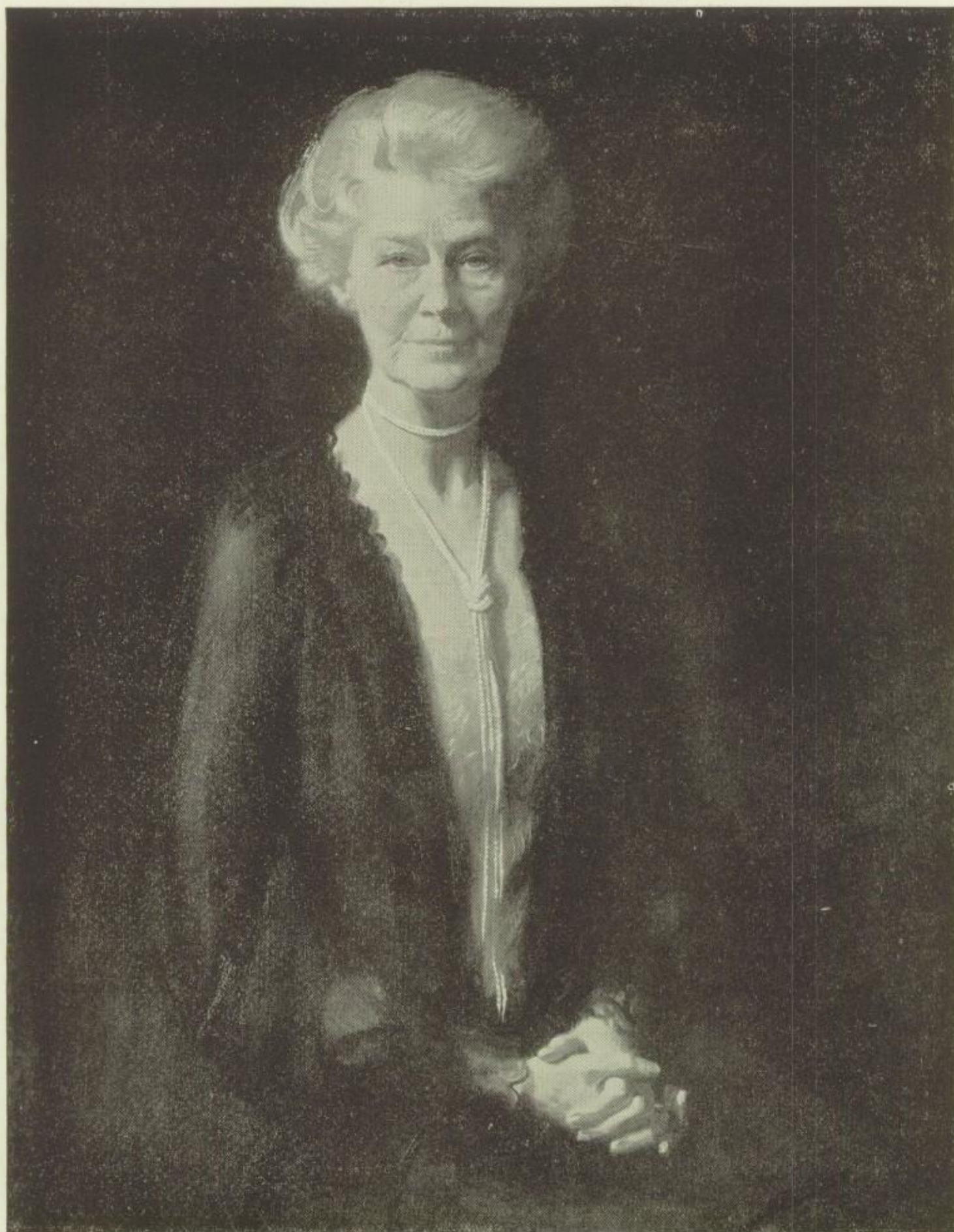
History Of The Chicago Latin School

The Chicago Latin School had its beginning when a group of Chicagoans in 1888, headed by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Blatchford felt the need for secondary education so acute, that they sent for Mabel Slade Vickery from the East. Miss Vickery started a group October 6, 1888, which met in the Blatchford home at 375 LaSalle Avenue; here Miss Vickery prepared boys for the college entrance examinations and college work. In 1890 the school was moved to the residence of General and Mrs. A. C. McClurg at the corner of Lake Shore Drive and Scott Street, known as the Robert Lincoln house. When General and Mrs. McClurg built a new home at 125 Lake Shore Drive two years later, they devoted the third story to the classrooms of the school. It was then that Robert Peck Bates also from the East came to assist Miss Vickery.



AN EARLY GROUP OF THE SCHOOL

N. HENROTIN, D. CUSACK, D. WALL, R. SILSBEE, H. ARMSTRONG, MR. McLEOD, STRONG, NIXON,
OTIS, R. P., THOMAS, BROOKE.
G. FISHER, L. BODMAN, POMEROY, SHOENBERGER, SHELDON, STREET, MCFADON, RICKCORDS.
A. KING, C. DEANE, HOOPER, LAFLIN, P. WHITE, C. MATZ, MAC KING, S. BLAIR, H. BODMAN, J. MATZ,
HOWLAND, CLARKE, S. WHITE, J. WAITE.



MABEL SLADE VICKERY
(FROM A PORTRAIT BY JOHN SALISBURY)

In 1894 the departure of General and Mrs. A. C. McClurg with their son, one of the pupils of the school, for a long absence in Europe, necessitated a change in location. The place chosen was on Division Street; first, in the autumn of 1894 in a small house situated on the corner of Division and Astor Street at what was then 581 East Division Street and later from 1897-99 in the more commodious buildings at 596 East Division Street and the annex at 586 East Division Street.

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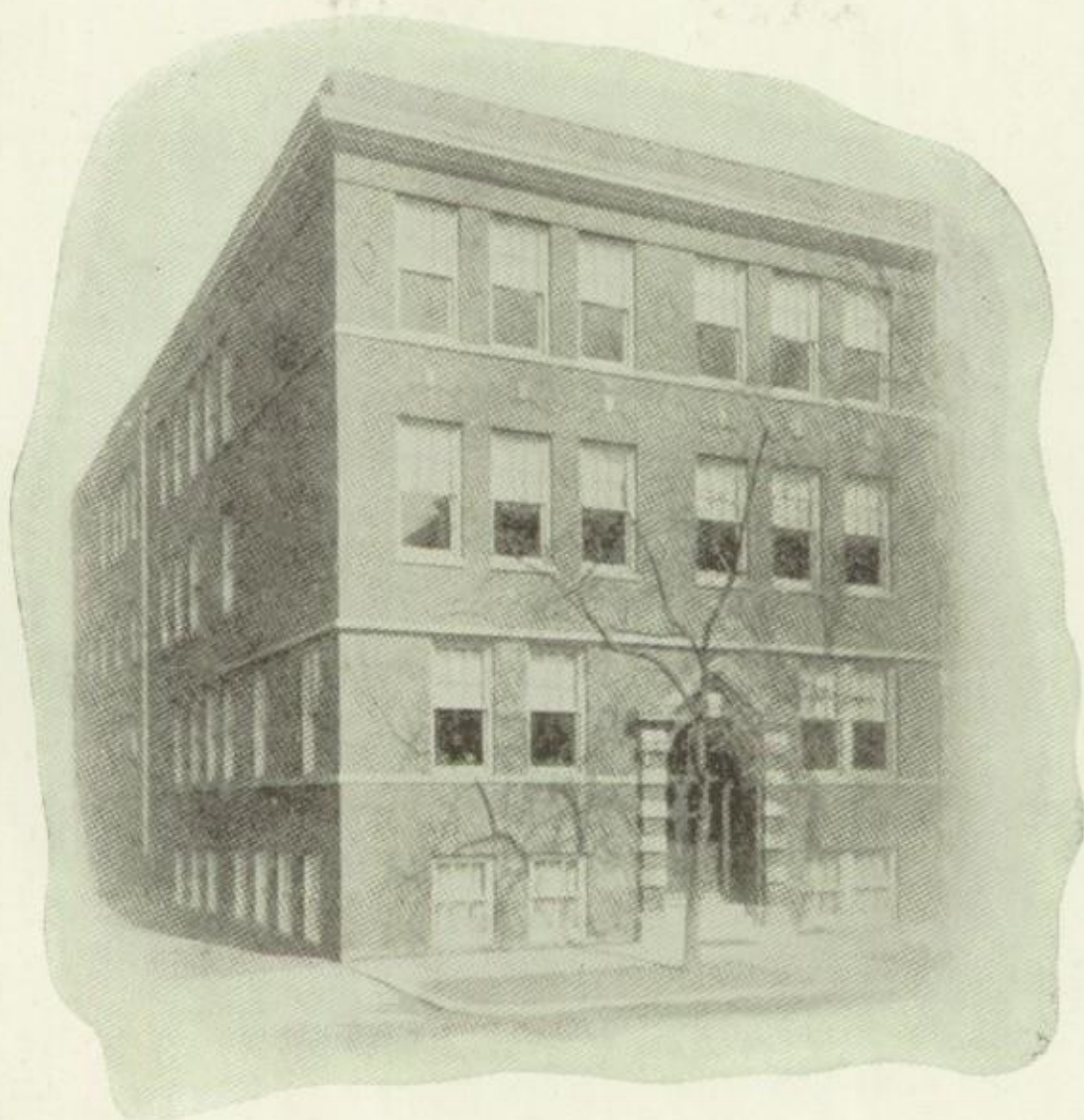
There in Division Street the school remained for five years, grew from twelve pupils—the number to which it had been limited while in private houses—to one hundred twenty-five, and won for itself a permanent and honored place in the community.

In September, 1899, the building, located at 561-563 East Division Street was erected and owned by Mr. Bates and Miss Vickery. The site was only a block away from the lake front between State and Astor Streets. It was then in 1899 that the school was form-



ROBERT PECK BATES

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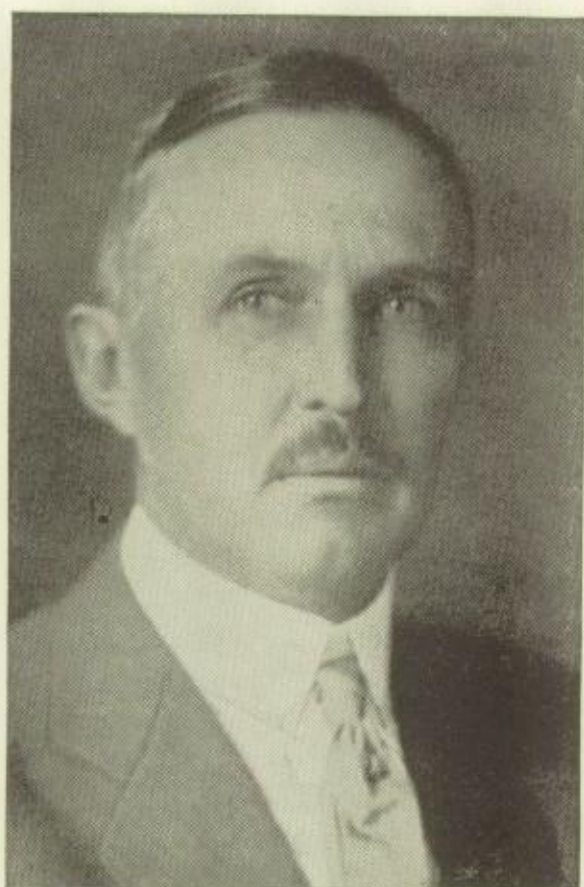


THE SCHOOL BUILDING
18-20 E. DIVISION STREET
FROM 1899 TO 1926

ally incorporated as *The Chicago Latin School*, and its motto, fidelitas, was adopted. Mr. Bates and Miss Vickery became principals and added to the school a strong and able faculty. Miss Vickery supervised the younger boys and Mr. Bates was responsible for the upper classes. The school concentrated on intensive preparation for the College Entrance Examinations, which it did most admirably. So far back as 1916, The Chicago Latin School had for ten years fitted more boys for Harvard than all the other schools of Chicago both public and private combined. Twice as many were prepared for Yale, and no candidate recommended by the school, had ever been rejected by either University.

In the spring of 1926, Mr. Bates announced his intention of retiring. The need of a school such as Chicago Latin on the near-North side made it imperative that it continue. The parents of the pupils in the school held a meeting and decided to carry on with a parent owned institution. A building committee was formed. It was necessary to raise funds, choose a location and erect a building before the fall term. Some favored a country-day school and a site in Sauganash was considered. However, the present location

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KERSEY COATES REED

Lower School was modernized and given better facilities.

In 1930, the school's future development was greatly increased by the generous donation of Mrs. Kersey Coates Reed and Mrs. Charles Schweppe. This gift made possible the Kersey Coates Reed Campus given in memory of Mr. Reed, whose vision and efforts were so largely responsible for the progress of the school during its reorganization. Eventually the Trustees hope to move the Upper School to the campus, making of it a country day school most adequate and modern. A field house has at present been erected and the grounds include a football field, tennis courts and baseball diamond. This campus is beautifully and conveniently located, and is due to the school bus, in constant use.

Again in 1937, a group of parents interested and alive to the needs of the school, raised a fund for the erection of three splendid squash courts, and an excellently equipped boxing gymnasium.

In 1933 Mr. Northrop left and James O. Wood was chosen to succeed him. Mr. Wood's splendid leadership and keen understanding of boys

at 1531 North Dearborn Parkway was decided upon. In the fall a large and modern building was ready for occupancy. Edwin Clark was the architect. A group of parents, headed by Mrs. Busby, persuaded George N. Northrop for six years head master of the Bearley School, New York, to come as Head Master. Mr. Frank S. Porter was chosen president, he was responsible for the splendid success of the re-organization.

Mr. Northrop brought great vision and enthusiasm to this new project. He was most fortunate in selecting an excellent faculty to assist him in carrying out his ideas. Mr. Northrop added greatly to the intellectual prestige of the school. Not only was the Upper School greatly augmented but the



FRANK S. PORTER

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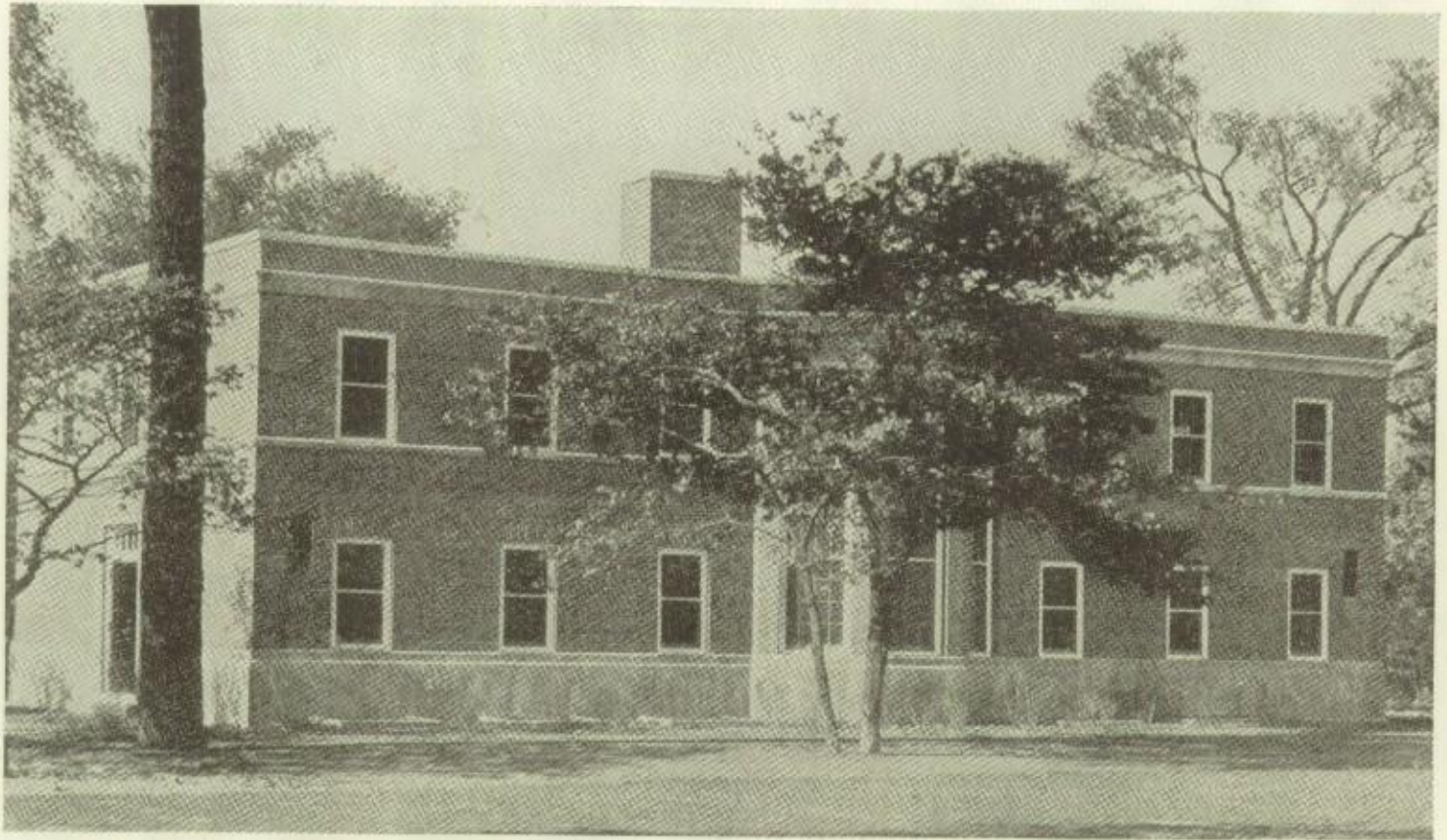
have consistently maintained the high standards set by his predecessors.

This has been the factual outline of the history of the school. However, a school is only as great as its leaders. Chicago Latin School therefor owes a debt of gratitude to all who have directed its course. The great vision and courage of its founders, Miss Vickery and Mr. Bates will always be an inspiration. From a small beginning, surmounting innumerable obstacles, they so firmly established the high standards of the school, that it have been able to forge ahead. Undaunted by defeat, accepting only the best, their gentle patience and understanding guidance has been a vital force in many lives. Later, lead by the foresight and highmindedness of its trustees and head masters, Chicago Latin School has expanded and become a still greater force in the community. Mr. Wood's earnestness and success in maintaining these ideals, and his plans for the future will bring even greater distinction to the school.

We, the Class of 1938, join in humble recognition of all these accomplished tasks and eagerly await the future.



GEORGE N. NORTHROP



THE KERSEY COATES REED FIELD HOUSE



THE PRESENT SCHOOL BUILDING



JAMES O. WOOD

For Mr. Wood, whom we older boys have always closely associated with the Latin School, we have the deepest regard. He has guided us skillfully through the plastic years and has lent constant encouragement to our efforts. That his office door has always been open to us has led to a close and friendly relationship, and we know it will continue in the years to come. For his wise council, for his objective criticism, for his boundless patience, we are duly grateful.

This is our last year at Latin. Next fall will find us scattered over the country in many different colleges. We feel, as we are about to leave, that at Latin we have had the utmost in education and friendship. This is in no small measure due to Mr. Wood, for that has been his constant aim.

The Early School

MABEL SLADE VICKERY

One bright, crisp morning in September, 1888, there gathered in the pleasant library of Mr. and Mrs. Eliphalet Blatchford at 375 LaSalle Avenue a group of boys all about ten years of age, their teachers and several parents.

It was nine o'clock. The boys had just come in from play, summoned by a peremptory gong, proclaiming loudly that the school year of 1888-9 was about to begin.

For more than an hour they had been playing about the quiet, residential streets of the neighborhood—Maple Street, Elm Street, and LaSalle Avenue, wide and elm-shaded, with large, old-fashioned mansions surrounded by beautiful grounds, flanked by neat alleys, with carriage houses and well-kept stables for the fine horses cared for by picturesque coachmen and grooms of the old school.

Little did these boys realize that they were pioneers—the first pupils of a school which was to become noted in the annals of Chicago. If you had told them, they would not have been in the least thrilled—not even if you had added that they possessed another claim to distinction; that of being members of the first school of the Middle West to adopt the principles of education professed by the then-famous public school system of Quincy, Massachusetts, known to the uninitiated as the Quincy Method. They would have listened apparently with respectful attention, but would all the while have been wondering if this first morning at school would be a long one. An early breakfast already seemed an event of the remote past, and luncheon beckoned them from an uncertain distance in the future. They were glad when Mrs. Blatchford's gracious words of welcome proved to be few and the ceremony of introduction to the new teachers very brief. Then their names were entered in Mrs. Blatchford's big book, as follows: Gilbert Allen, Frank Blatchford, Huntington Blatchford, Harry Bradley, LeGrand Burton, Howard Coonley, Charles Henrotin, Henry Porter, Arthur Wilkinson and Frank Wilkinson. Two other boys were expected within a few days.

When all the chronicles of this school shall have been written, it will be seen that it owes much to six distinguished women—Mrs. Eliphalet Blatchford, Mrs. John C. Coonley (then a widow, later to become Mrs. Coonley-Ward), Mrs. A. C. McClurg, Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Mrs. George Isham,—who by their wise counsel, generous gifts and sympathetic interest in teachers and pupils during early years helped them to lay firm foundations for usefulness.

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It is interesting to note that the school in the beginning was a parent-owned institution, limited to a membership of ten or twelve pupils of about ten years of age, all living in the same neighborhood. In 1894 it became, under the management of two of its teachers, Miss Mabel S. Vickery and Mr. Robert Peck Bates, a privately-owned college preparatory school, open to boys of all ages. More than thirty years later on the retirement of its principals it became once more a parent-owned institution, this time with a permanent endowment and every prospect of usefulness and permanency.

Consule Planco

ROBERT PECK BATES

The school began its independent career in 1894, in a little brick house on Division Street. Here 1210 Astor has stood for many years; previously for some years it had been composed of several small groups in private residences.

At this time the oldest boys were fourteen and had had one year of Latin under R. P. in the McClurg residence, now the Polish Consulate on Lake Shore Drive. The second year we moved to a larger house across the street and later added a second and a third. The primary and grammar grades were already a distinct success. Could it become a complete school, from kindergarten to college, in competition with the successful and well-equipped University School, a block away? The name, *Chicago Latin School*, and its motto, *Fidelitas*, were adopted; a new school building was erected in 1899 at 561-563 Division, later known as 18-20 East Division Street.

The high school had a distinguished reputation for college preparation, particularly for the examinations of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and later for those of the College Entrance Board when it was formed. This success was due to hard work and the good fortune of the school in obtaining and retaining a small group of gifted instructors, to whom this article is a tribute.

The Latin School boys received their instruction in basic subjects from superior teachers. In mathematics they had William McLeod, a taciturn Scot from Toronto University, who was reputed to have invented mathematics. When he retired after many years, liked and respected by all, he was succeeded, most fortunately for the

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school, by Forrest Adams of the University of Pennsylvania.

Marie Arnold taught German through all the years until she resigned a year before her tragic death.

Katherine DeMeritt, beloved teacher of French, College Board examiner, and later of the College Board Committee on French, did a great work for us until her death in 1923.

Thomas J. Bosworth, from Harvard, reigned in the English room all the way.

E. A. Bates of Yale held forth in Greek and Latin. He attracted to his room squads of small boys by his drawings and cartoons. One admirer, a rising young poet, expressed his approval thus:

“E is E. A., a cartoonist I see;
He’s very much nicer than mean old R. P.”

E. A. designed the covers for the *Sigillum* and *Folio*. When he resigned, to follow the pencil, he was succeeded by that ever-popular linguist P. L. Whiting of Harvard.

R. P. had first groups in Caesar-Nepos, Cicero, and Virgil. He also started off the Greek beginners with his memonics, P.P.C. and G.D.V.P.C., whatever those cabalistic letters meant.

Miss Vickery not only superintended the lower school, but taught high school history classes as well.

All the old boys always maintained that they never had instruction anywhere superior to that received from these teachers, of whom Messrs. Adams, Bosworth, and Whiting, still carry on.

The high school, being thus devoted to intensive college preparation, had little time for extra-curricular activities, outside the publications and athletics. Under Dr. J. P. Sprague, now for many years proprietor of Camp Minoqua in Wisconsin, and afterward under Lawrence Eugle, we had more than our share of athletic victories, and developed some good athletes. Did not Yale football get from us Owsley, Gallauer, Stevenson, Spalding, and Veeder?

We did a good job and had a good time doing it. It was so in the beginning and is so now.

Once Upon A Time

GEORGE N. NORTHROP

WHEN I hurried back from Europe in the autumn of 1926 to take charge of The Chicago Latin School I found the fine new schoolhouse on North Dearborn Parkway still in the hands of the carpenters, plasterers, and painters. The first meeting of the Trustees was held in the open air on the pavement in the shadow of the Georgian facade. We decided to convoke the school on the day set, and then send the boys home for a week or two until the building was all habitable. All that autumn and early winter lessons were recited to the nerve-wracking accompaniment of the hammer and the saw, a sort of preliminary training for the pernicious radio accompaniment to study so prevalent among the more neurotic striplings of our day. We inhaled quantities of turpentine and hardened ourselves in draughts and an atmosphere redolent of damp plaster. Incidentally I had arrived just in time to prevent what is now the library from being used as the physics laboratory. The present headmaster's office was the sanctum of the athletic director. There was practically no "local habitation" provided for the executive.

The memory of two strong personalities persists. The President of the Board, Frank Porter, and the Vice-President, Kersey Reed, were among the finest men I have known, foursquare, magnanimous, subscribers to the highest ideals of conduct and eager to co-operate in every way toward the best educational standards for the reorganized school. The untimely loss of these men so soon afterward was an irreparable blow to those of us who had been associated with them. With them died something very precious for the welfare of the school, and for those of us who treasured their friendship. Nor shall I ever forget the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Cudahy or the optimistic efficiency of the latter and her solicitude for the comfort and well being of the school. She it was who lent us Miss Lynch.

Those days of reorganization were not without their conflicts. With something of a Beowulf's complacency do I recall an encounter with a pedagogical Grendel, the haughty inspector of the North Central Association, who had come to exact his undeserved tribute. When asked if a standard for graduation based on the College Entrance Examination Board would be sufficiently high to cover certification elsewhere, even at a State University, he said

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he had never before been asked this question. He beat a hasty retreat and we gladly resigned from the Association and were free to choose a faculty nourished on stronger fare than the unappetizing messes brewed by teachers' colleges. Without that freedom we would have been debarred from the selection of men who have given the school much of its intellectual distinction. It was unpleasant to find that education was not exempt from racketeering. It was satisfactory to discover that we need not be controlled by racketeers.

I am afraid I am not a good veteran. If I sit by the campfire it is less in a reminiscent frame of mind than it is in a futuristic one, planning for tomorrow. My dreams deal more with what lies ahead than with what has passed. This does not mean that I am forgetful of old friends and cherished scenes. Perhaps it merely implies that "Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt" I still preserve my delusions of youth, even in this oldest of America's private schools.

However, I do like occasionally to put an old reel on the memory machine and sit back and count like a miser my gold of recollection. That gold is principally concerned with the personalities of the youths I learned to love and by whose confidence I was honoured during those seven not-uneventful years spent in the heart of our great country. All one's efforts were validated by that experience. In its light one's illusions fade and one's disappointments disappear.

Fifty revolutions about the sun take only fifty years to accomplish. The natural laws of the universe have taken care of that, without our help, since The Chicago Latin School first saw the light hit the waves of Lake Michigan. A school continually renews its youth, and really never gets any older. The masters fade, curricula change, the children of trustees grow up and new trustees come along, but the school remains forever young. Boys, page Ponce de Leon!

You have my blessing and my felicitations on your birthday, whatever you want to call it numerically. But don't let any one, not even a "stuffed-shirt", tell you that you aren't young. You can't help yourself, and you don't want to.

The Present School

JAMES O. WOOD

INASMUCH as my period of service in the Chicago Latin School extends over the brief period of five years I shall not have very much to report. It is my intention to outline the progress made during this period and to pay my respects to those who have so ably assisted. I have often stated that a school is made up of four component parts, i.e., Trustees, Faculty, Parents, and Pupils. With these four classifications in mind many items of interest pertaining to each can be discussed.

The standards of academic training at the Chicago Latin School have always been set high and will naturally remain as such. During this early period, as was the case with so many other schools, our immediate question was one of finance. Under the able guidance of Mr. W. W. Dixon, who was President of our Board of Trustees, a new bond holders agreement was arranged and carried through. It was at this time that Mr. Edward I. Cudahy established the Nora Brewer Cudahy Memorial Fund of \$50,000 in memory of his late wife. It was a most appropriate tribute, for Mrs. Cudahy was keenly interested in the school and was one of its most loyal supporters. Our Executive Board at this time, composed of W. W. Dixon, John R. Winterbotham, E. I. Cudahy, Clarence T. Seipp, and Wm R. Carney, was of great assistance due to frequent meetings pertaining to policies to be followed and the great amount of detail necessary to the completion of the Bond Holders Agreement. It has been a pleasure to work with such a co-operative group. It is not enough for this school to continue on its reputation. Individuals must catch the spirit through interest in order to make this an outstanding school in secondary education. Time does not permit detailed information regarding the benefits and useful facilities of the Kersey Coates Reed Memorial Field. Our new football coach, Frank Rokusek, has been a great inspiration to our boys for the past five years. We are indeed indebted to Mrs. Kersey Coates Reed for her continued financial support in the up-keep of the field. During this time, Mr. Thomas F. Geraghty, head of the athletic committee of the Board of Trustees raised a fund to

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outfit our teams and gave unstintingly of his time to extend the interest in all fields of athletics.

Parents of the school are linked directly to the student activities, both academic and extra-curricular, through the media of our parents' groups. I take this occasion to express my sincere appreciation of the co-operation received from this group which has been so ably headed by Mrs. Augustus K. Maxwell and Mrs. William T. Alden. The suggestions of this group have been most helpful.

In turning to the faculty, it is difficult not to over-stress my appreciation of the fine spirit evidenced and the loyal co-operation given by the entire group. A school is often considered as strong as its faculty and it is with great pride that we point to the fact that Mr. Thomas J. Bosworth and Mr. P. L. Whiting have each given thirty-five years of service. Recently copies of the Sigillum have been dedicated to these men and it is needless to say that their efforts have been appreciated. And now, a few words of interest concerning that important factor of our school, i.e., the pupils or student body. I would like to list the five Senior Prefects and pay tribute to their great assistance. Our first able leader in 1933 was Thomas F. Geraghty, Jr. and he has been followed by: Gordon Spens, Robert Antonsen, Charles Ford, and Edward Bennan. In addition to the usual athletic activities and annual Gym. night, students have been busy with the following student activities: Student Council, student publications, i.e., News, Folio and Sigillum; the Glee Club, Orchestra, Debating, Dramatic Club, School Dances, and Boy Scout work. At this time it is very essential that we take notice of the outstanding work done this year on the school publication by Conrad Seipp, our editor of the Sigillum. He has labored untiringly in making this book a fitting testimonial to the 50th Anniversary of the School.

In closing I wish to thank the members of our present Board of Trustees for their assistance in raising an Anniversary Fund at this time. This is very essential to the progress of the school and means that more people will take a financial interest as time goes on. I hope that the members of the class of 1938 will feel that they will always find a hearty welcome at our school and I trust they will take an active part in our alumni association. Please remember that you are representatives of our school. I shall watch your progress with the greatest of interest and wish you the best of success in your new surroundings.

C. L. S. Born

L. PARSONS WARREN

L. Parsons Warren, '03, Williams '07, keenly interested in alumni activity of the school, engaged in the Insurance business.

Fifty years ago, the Chicago Latin School—it had no such exalted name in those days—boasted, among its members, only a few choice souls whose parents envisioned, perhaps, the place it was to make for itself in the development of secondary-school training in this district. It was soon destined to occupy a prominent place in the then developing residence district of the North Side. There must have been a certain amount of prophetic vision in the decision of the founders. To their insistence that an obvious need be met in the best way possible are all of us later “products” of the School indebted for the splendid organization which, this year, under the able guidance of an able Headmaster, is celebrating fifty years of a very fruitful life in the community. In its first days, history records that it was really no more than a small group of boys, carefully selected, meeting in a private home, and presided over by that rare personality, Mabel Slade Vickery. Her effectual ministrations over the destinies of that first group who came to her soon created a demand for expansion in space and increase in teaching personnel, and resulted in the calling, from the East, of Mr. Robert Peck Bates. Under his collaboration with Miss Vickery the class soon shuffled off its physical restraints necessarily inherent in a ball-room (a private one, at that), and blossoming forth as an independent organization. Shortly, this Chicago Latin School was born.

In 1894, it found quarters on Division Street, in what had been a private home. Its location changed on three occasions during the period before the building at the alley east of State Street, was erected. There it pursued the even and successful tenor of its way, building intellect and character, but little disturbed by competition offered by the University School at Dearborn and Elm Streets, and the Cobb School, at Ritchie Court (then called Place) and Goethe Street. In the nine years from 1894 to 1903, the enrollment increased from 12 to 275, its graduates had gone out to the colleges and universities, and everywhere the School name stood for the best in secondary education, along with those finer things, the intangibles without which scholastic attainments by themselves stand for so very little. Proof in the form of names of eminent citizens could readily be adduced—but these are words about an institution, and not its off-spring!

In closing, would an observation be in order? There are, no doubt, many weaknesses inherent in our present systems of education, and educators themselves are at great variance of opinion as to how best to correct the most glaring ones. Over one, however, there is almost perfect unanimity: namely, that the best educational results always come about from extended continuity of attendance at the same school for the longest possible period. Frequent school changes work injustices on teacher and pupil alike, and the reasons are all too obvious. If, therefore, this unanimity be founded on no more than common sense, how would you honestly answer the question, "What has any other school to offer that you can't get at Chicago Latin?"

Reflections On Education

ADDISON GARDNER

Addison L. Gardner, Jr., '13, Harvard '17, former editor of *Folio* and *Sigillum*, outstanding member of his class, at present a member of a law firm.

AN invitation to contribute to "The Sigillum" on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Chicago Latin School amounts to a command and should be answered, as Mr. Justice Holmes remarked, "on the wings of the wind."

As I reminisce over the two very happy years that I spent at C. L. S. (with the 1913 volume of "The Sigillum" in my lap opened to the class prophecy prepared by Bob Walker), I am driven to two conclusions: First, that the faculty were much better than we deserved, and, second, that despite Bob's glowing picture of our several futures, we have turned out a pretty ordinary lot.

Perhaps the very fact that the class of 1913 has survived so many world calamities, is a sufficient tribute to the endurance, at least, with which we were endowed in our youth and through our secondary school training. In any event, in our defense sometime in the future, I trust the historian will point out that our generation, as the generation now beginning to take over responsibilities and power, is faced with social, political and economic problems and an evolution of legal concepts more far-reaching and more difficult than have had to be met by any other generation of Anglo-Saxon society since the rise of Cromwell.

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But enough of these unpleasant subjects. I should be ungrateful and stupid indeed if I did not take this occasion to look back across the years and express again my gratitude and affection to the faculty of C. L. S., as it was composed in the years I attended there, of these *facile princeps*, of course, is R. P. Bates. No less than two distinguished Harvard deans have referred to him in my presence as easily the leading Latin master of his day in this country. With that judgment I, of course, have never had the slightest dispute, but it is not for that reason or that attainment that I hold him in such high respect. It is rather for the reason that as headmaster of a boys' school he succeeded, I think, better than any other man I ever met in the field, in instilling in men at that early age the idea that there are certain fundamental standards which are more enduring than any changing concepts of a physical or political world; and all who had the great privilege of reading the classics under his searching and stimulating direction may not remember much today about the classics, but they will remember the attitude of mind with which that study was approached. Under his teaching there was an awareness of reality which every boy was made to feel and carry with him into the outside world. If an unpleasant job had to be done, it had to be done and that is all there was of it. It was not just to be done if we liked to do it or if it didn't rain or if it met with our convenience. To youths who must look forward to the shouldering of future responsibility, that kind of training I think is fundamental and absolutely essential.

This preparation in the awareness of reality is, I think, of tremendous importance today, because from what I hear of the so-called modernistic system of education, many children and youths under that system are allowed to educate themselves pretty much as they please, when they please and how they please, provided they never do anything which is disagreeable or distasteful to them. I cannot help but feel that this method is just a charming type of "playing house"—it is by no stretch of the wildest emotionalist's imagination, an education. It is the shocking truth that the superintendent of a public school system not far from the Chicago Latin School, when rebuked for the increase of this modernistic tendency in his particular schools, and the lack of discipline and standards which prevail in them replied patronizingly, "Oh, well, it is just a matter of time and Harvard will have to come down to our standards". This is pure rubbish, of course. After all life is made up of a lot of disagreeable things and a lot of very agreeable ones, and it is the fundamental purpose of education to prepare the youth of the country to meet both. Otherwise his subsequent jostlings are apt to be very unhappy, even to the point of tragedy.

Among those associated with Mr. Bates on the faculty during my short acquaintance with the school were Mr. Bosworth, head of the English Department, not only a fine teacher but a scholar

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who really loved the literature he taught; that kindly Scotchman, Mr. MacLeod, who taught us mathematics; and we must not forget Fräulein Arnold in the German Division and Miss DeMerritt in charge of the French classes. To all of them and to the memory of those of them who unfortunately have died, I extend my highest assurance of affection and regard.

Being a great teacher has great compensations and among the greatest, it seems to me, must be the knowledge that students, throughout their lives, will remember his high character and example. Throughout all these intervening years, I have never heard any boy make the slightest criticism or speak with anything but respect and affection for "R. P." and his associates who labored so strenuously to pound some sense into our heads, if not by the regular routine, then by prestidigitation, if necessary.

Having had the experience of being its editor-in-chief in 1913, I take particular pride in knowing that "The Sigillum" has prospered through the years, and is now celebrating with the school this important anniversary. I salute the school, "The Sigillum" and "The Folio" and wish for them all, now and through all the years to come, success and prosperity.

Another World

CULBRETH SUDLER

Culbrath Sudler, ex-'16, Yale '20, one of the original editors of *Time* magazine, later connected with Doubleday Paige; he travelled for two years around the world, is at present in the advertising business.

I'm sorry I haven't a thing to send this anniversary Sigillum in the form of original work or published pieces. Being an advertising copywriter, examples of my "work" have been scattered through the magazines and newspapers for the past several years, but invariably over some other signature, a coffee company or a floor polish or a chain of stores, or some other business or financial institution. Off and on I've been writing a book about a couple of years I spent at sea after leaving college. At the time I wanted to be convinced that the world was not bounded by North Avenue, Dearborn Parkway, Division Street, and the Lake Shore Drive, and I was.

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The sea down around Java—the Banda Sea, Arafura Sea, Flores Sea, and Celebes Sea—this whole body of Venetian glass water, interrupted by the most timeless and sunblest islands, makes the china and tableware department at Marshall Field's look perfectly dull. Day after day you steam ahead on a comfortable modern freighter, do your eight hours and have the rest of the time to think, read, write, and listen to the fool stories of pearl trading, smuggling, and white men's misadventures in the South Seas. The whole stern, the whole poop deck belongs to the crew. The skipper and the illegitimate other officers are way forward where they don't even see you. There's a big canvas awning stretched on the awning spars—like a yacht. You bring your bunk up out of the fo'csle and sleep on deck without a thing over you. Day after day you steam right through this opalescent water with these green and gold and purple islands drawn up pretty much on parade on both sides, and occasionally you see a canoe like a pecan shell sneaking along close in shore, or you look across at a rain squall and someone remarks, "That's the harbor of Bali." Then one morning you are waked up by a terrific racket and clamor. Overside are a whole parking lot of junks, tubs, and lighters painted red, green and blue with dragon's heads and tails carved or painted at the bow and stern. The poop is cluttered with fifty or so brown men, very handsome fellows in turbans and sarongs who gaze at you with a mixture of indifference and contempt that is measured down to within a millimeter of being an insult. That's the East—you've arrived at Samarang or Batavia or Sourabaya.

My memories of Chicago Latin are of course associated with "R. P." and Doc McLeod and Percy Whiting and Tom Bosworth. For me, however, they aren't merely memories but ideals. But I know I got a lot of Latin from those men, and I haven't seen anything that I would rather have had. I have no doubt that their spirit is being carried on in the new Latin and that you fellows are sharing the same privilege and the same tradition. Success to the School and to this interesting anniversary event!

A Letter From Mexico

STIRLING DICKINSON

Stirling Dickinson, ex-'27, Princeton '31, traveller, author and artist whose love of nature manifested itself during his days at the Latin School; his books are *Mexican Odyssey*, *Westward from Rio*, and *Death is Incidental*.

If I had received your letter a few weeks ago, asking me to contribute something for the anniversary issue, on the value of education, I'm afraid I would very impolitely have burst out laughing. I never felt so little in need of education in my life. That is rather a bad admission, but if you ever managed to knock a hole in the gas tank of your car and then lie under that same car with your forefinger stopping up the hole; if you have, in addition, gotten stuck in a river for five hours with Indians and burros trying to pull you out; if you have gone on from there over a wild mountain trail and then smashed your battery all to bits some twenty miles from a habitation; and if, finally, you have knocked off the muffler and culminated your three days "short cut" to your destination by breaking the rear axle, perhaps you will appreciate why education seemed unessential. What I needed was not Latin, or Greek, or Algebra, but a bigger collection of wrenches, bolts, screws and spare parts.

However, since this eventful trip from Chicago to Mexico, I have been getting established in my new home which lies on the mountainside above the fine old colonial town of San Miguel de Allende. Sunshine, warm weather, and pretty fair cooking have done their work, and I now bear no grudge against my car, the road—or education.

I imagine a great deal will be said and written in praise of the school; to each student it has meant something different, depending, I suppose, on what particular course that student's life has taken. For myself, it is hard to pick out a single phase of Latin, a single memory, that outshadows all the rest. Yet many times in my work, writing and landscape painting, I remember the nature study classes with Miss Murray. Whether, on a trip across South America, they have meant a keener interest in the strange fauna and flora, or whether, as today, they mean a greater awareness of details indispensable to a painter, I can only look back with a great deal of thankfulness and not a little longing to the days when we took field trips to the Indiana Dunes, or rode the street car to the "wilds" at the end of Lincoln Avenue. And when, the week before I left Chicago, at a particularly dull moment in an autographing "party", Miss Murray herself came up to me and asked if I wasn't, by any chance, the little boy who once collected moths and butterflies, I was able to say, very, very proudly, that I was.

Changing Times

ARTHUR MEEKER, JR.

Arthur Meeker, '20, Yale '24, brilliant student, novelist and traveller, author of *American Beauty*, *Strange Capers* and *Vestal Virgin*.

It is always a problem to make up one's mind what to contribute to the columns of one's old school magazine. And this problem grows increasingly difficult with time.

It is eighteen years—half my life—since I graduated from C. L. S. Is it so long ago that I have completely lost touch with my youth, can no longer bridge the space that separates the man I am from the boy I used to be? . . . I hope not; for I'd like to feel that they are not so very far apart even now, though my hair is thinner and my waist is wider than they were when I posed for the senior class photograph, and I have noticed lately that my friends' sons are beginning to be old enough to address me as "sir" (which is definitely Middle-Age).

But what to write? Frankly, I haven't the least idea. It's easy enough to jot down a list of impossible subjects, such as, for instance, chatty reminiscences of one's classroom days, full of esoteric quips and humorous allusions that, alas! have a way of sounding dated and determinedly quaint, twenty years after . . . or Advice to the Young (who wants advice? I didn't then: do you, now? . . . or rambling, inconsequential autobiographical notes? Does it matter that I am a novelist by profession? Wouldn't it be all the same if I were a diplomat, or a physicist—or even a plumber?) Best, on the whole, I think, to leave oneself entirely out of the picture: I, at any rate, have no intention of tracing the considerable number of steps that have led the eager, enthusiastic cub reporter of 1925 into becoming the fairly aloof fiction writer of 1938. However, if you'd care to send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope . . .

The world, eighteen years ago, was extraordinarily different from what it is today. Think how sweetly old-fashioned we were: no radios, no talking pictures, no neon-lighting, no air-mail or passenger plane service . . . We'd just fought and won a war to save Democracy. Prohibition was a novelty; so was the Speak-Easy. (Can you even remember them?) The Jazz decade was beginning, those garish, brittle, incredible years that seem more remote to us now than the Naughty Nineties. (Yes, I was a Bright Young Person, once.) We'd never heard of depressions or recessions. Every boy, after leaving school, went to college for four years, as a matter of course . . . Sometimes he got a diploma, too . . .

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After that, he went into his father's manufacturing business or some friendly stockbroker's office. Every boy expected to make, and usually did make, quite quickly a good deal of money; often married a girl with a good deal more. Ten years out of school, he'd turn into a respectable member of a suburban community—Winnetka, perhaps, if inclined to plain living and high thinking; Lake Forest, if the reverse. In either case, he had a wife, a car, two children, a Balance in the Bank—and, I suppose, a Future . . . Yes, I know I escaped, but that was because I happened to sink into being what was then, and still is, in Chicago, a most uncommon kind of social outcast, a professional scribbler. And even I made some money; one couldn't help it, in the Jazz decade.

In 1938, on the other hand—but I'll spare you the comparison. Let me say this only, that, having four nephews between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, I understand and sympathize with your problems as perhaps a good many of my contemporaries are unable to. You've a tougher job to tackle than we had, and much the same equipment as was ours. Boys haven't changed much since 1920. They're still lively and fun-loving, enthusiastic and cynically clear-sighted, now as they were then. Now as then, they feel that they have "seen through things," only to find, as the years revolve, that it's really the things that have seen through them, and have taken their measure with a slow inevitability.

I'd like to close with a wise and playful adage, some smart half-truth wittily expressed, such as Virginia Woolf used so charmingly to round off her essays. But, at the moment, my mind is a blank. Failing that, how about a quotation from a famous author? (Say, for example, Hugh Walpole's once celebrated "It's not life that matters, but the courage one brings to it" . . . What a lie *that* is, by the way! As if life didn't matter more than anything else one can think of!)

But, somehow, I'm honest enough not to try to be clever or graceful where only candor will do. I've spent enough years being insincere to have come to value sincerity as the supreme virtue. So I'll be silent now, at the risk of sounding halting and inept, and bow myself out with the cheering reflection (cheering, that is, to you) that, whatever you do, you can't make any very bad mistakes for a comfortable number of years, since, as Emerson says—ah, there's our famous author at last!—"Youth is everywhere in place."

Substitute For Turkey

ALISON BRYAN

Alison R. Bryan, 'c9, Princeton '13, engaged for many years in missionary work in India for the Presbyterian Church.

In America's outposts far from the homeland, the celebration of holidays is more than a matter of form. With the approach of Thanksgiving, word comes over the cables to the City of Jackals that world-famed Dr. Robert E. Speer is to be the mission's guest. His hostess longs for a turkey to celebrate the day, but has to rest content with the traditional India substitute, a peacock.

Twenty miles from the City of Jackals, flocks of them decorate the sugar-cane plantations, plundering fields of grain, undisturbed by the pious Hindus. Shooting in most of the village areas would outrage the people who regard the peacock as sacred to the gods, if not an incarnation of a god.

Word of the distinguished guest and the plan for the dinner reaches Kodoli. Both for Dr. Speer's sake and also for the sake of the sport, the commission to procure a Thanksgiving peacock is accepted. The day previous, Wednesday, arrives, and is crowded with pressing duties, delaying the shoot until late afternoon. The village of Thanapude is chosen because the headman or mayor is friendly, and because the farmers are glad to be rid of the flock that decimates their slender grain supply. Arriving near sundown, the birds have left the fields, and gone to roost in the trees bordering the plantations. In the half light, shooting is impossible. But hope is not lost. By ten o'clock, the nearly full moon will be riding high enough in the cloudless sky. So, your alumnus with two or three Indian friends waits.

At last, against the brilliant disc of the moon, here and there in trees without dense foliage, balls that might be our quarry are discernible. Getting the ball fairly against the moon and between the sights of a twelve gauge Winchester shotgun, and the trigger is pulled. A thud a few feet in front brings Dr. Speer's Thanksgiving feast to the ground. But the day is to be celebrated in several other homes of these American outposts. So on to another tree and another, until six of the peafowl are in the bag. It is near midnight, and time to tramp the five or six miles through the fields and across the Varna river to Kodoli and home.

Just then out of the shadows into the brilliant moonlight steps first one and then another, with long cudgels, short axes, and other village weapons. They block our path. We protest. Constantly being reinforced, until well over one hundred men oppose us, they charge us with shooting illegally. We explain we have the British Government license to shoot. But they do not believe us. It seems that in the darkness, we had strayed over the unmarked boundary into Devavadi, "God's village," out of the fields of the friendly mayor's village.

Wondering if it is possible to bluff in a situation of this kind, we raise our gun, levelling it at the ringleader, a short stocky farmer with an ax, who pulls back his shirt and unconcernedly challenges

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us to shoot. (We have often wondered if he knew the gun was unloaded!) After that, they take the firearms away, and lead us to their village gathering place. Keeping us waiting for an hour or more in the chill of the November midnight, they stamp out the fire before which we try to warm ourselves. That is just a little below the standard of oriental hospitality.

Having convinced themselves that we are poachers, as we have been shooting at night, doubtless having their superstitious fear aroused by the shots in the dark, they decide to take us to the mayor of their hamlet, who lives in a larger village two miles distant. We have no choice but to follow. On the way, they begin to have doubts as to the wisdom of their decision. Through our men, they offer first to accept ten then five, finally even one rupee to let us off. We firmly refuse, and finally at last arrive at the mayor's home. Prolonged knocking and shouting arouses the reluctant officer. There is more delay in preparing for the hearing. After our statement, the villagers have almost nothing to say. They are rebuked by the mayor for their presumption in detaining us. They slink off home, and as we go back through their village, the whole place appears wrapped in the deepest slumber. At five A. M., Thanksgiving morning, just before sunrise, we find one of the men waiting with the bag of six peafowl. Through the early morning dew on the lush grass of the river banks, we tramp wearily and hungrily home, ford the river, and arrive just "as the dawn comes up like thunder." A runner is hastily engaged and Dr. Speer's Thanksgiving "turkey" starts on the twenty mile final lap, to arrive in good time.

The maintenance of prestige in a country of 350,000,000 people controlled by an army of a few thousand British soldiers, is a matter of major importance. When the Governor of Bombay Presidency drives from Poona to his summer capital, Mahableshwar, the 80 miles or so of road are cleared of traffic, sentries line the way. When the Viceroy travels by rail, sections of the right of way are policed by troops, stationed within hailing distance of one another for mile after mile.

It was for maintaining the prestige of the "white man," even a non-European American, that the British district magistrate, sent his first deputy to "God's village." The men were lined up before him, told in emphatic terms how wrong they were to have arrested the "sahib." Prostrating themselves on the ground they seek pardon, well knowing what it would mean to have a punitive police post saddled upon them, the expense of which they would have to pay, not to mention the incessant private demands of the police. The "sahib" is merciful, they are told, and have asked that they should not be punished. There was another "thanksgiving" in "God's village" celebrated that day, as the deputy magistrate and his men left.

“School Days, School Days”

PAGET K. CADY

Paget Cady, '12, Yale '16, active in athletics and activities of school, is now connected with a brokerage firm.

During one of your seductive sales talks, calculated to persuade a venerable grad to contribute something to the “Sigillum”, you suggested that he just grab a pencil and a sheet of paper and let nature take her course. All right—here goes.

Add to the prescription a warm spring day, inducing more than my usual mental and physical lethargy, and I am transported back to a room in the old Latin School on Division Street—spring of 1912.

“Bugs” Meadowcroft, baffled, as aren't we all, by the difference between Gerund and Gerundive, has been given the historic “you're out” gesture by R. P. Bates, and has glided with dignity from the class room. Obvious terror grips the rest of us, with the possible exception of such poker faced men of the world as Haven Requa, “Red” Kiernan and “Dutch” Meier, for we all face the possibility of over-time with no extra pay.

Hunt Wentworth is drawing pictures behind the concealment of his Cicero propped up on a pencil. R. P. spots him with his all-seeing eye. We wait for the explosion. Instead, R. P. deftly sails a small book so that it clips the prop out from under the Cicero. There is a crash, a wave of laughter, and Hunt's face and neck gradually turn a beautiful crimson.

“Cady, translate the next paragraph.” My mind turns even blanker than it was—a neat trick indeed. We have not reached the end of the day's assignment but are well past the place I have figured we will reach and, of course, we early believers in labor-saving efficiency never prepare more than necessary. Opportunely, a very small and terrified boy sidles in—sent up by Miss Strong from the seventh grade for discipline. He stammers an account of his sin. R. P.'s leonine roar of displeasure rattles the chairs. The cowering mite is ordered to sit in the corner with his face to the wall. He does so, trembling perceptibly. R. P. swings back to us, grins broadly and winks. We stifle our laughter so as not to spoil his act. My personal problem is still unsolved. Thank heaven. There goes the bell—saved for another twenty-four hours.

The bell is just my telephone—a friend wanting to know why her stocks have gone down so far, and here I am once more called on to recite and again unprepared.

Reminiscences

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

Howard Vincent O'Brien, '06, Yale '10, author, columnist of the Chicago Daily News, and commentator whose journalistic work has made him one of Chicago's most enjoyed and widely read newspaper men.

WRITING pieces for papers is for me something like a postman's taking a nice long walk in the country for the amusement of his day off. However, when I was in school, I once asked John McCutcheon for a contribution, and the promptness with which he gave it has remained in my memory as an antidote to natural indolence.

I first went to C. L. S. when football players wore striped blazers and sideburns, I had been shed, with audible relief, by the neighboring University School, but I was not released from the animosity of the Sheldon School—a public institution whose inmates maintained a bloody warfare with us little patricians to the west and north of them. Many were the combats staged in Lincoln park for the possession of bats and balls and the right to play. There was something of dictatorship of the proletariat even in those days.

Only fragments of my educational career remain in my memory, such as the time E. A. Bates, in a burst of rage, hurled his copy of Thucydides at me—and I made a fair catch. I remember this doubtless because it was the only time I ever caught anything successfully. In fact my inability to catch anything was so great that being unable to get on the school team, I got up one of my own. I played third base and was captain—until the second inning of the first game, when I was deposed from both places. I then withdrew from baseball, and with another boy started a paper. It was what the French call a *success fou*, until suppressed by the school authorities.

Another thing I remember was the plaintive wonder of the math teacher, a Mr. McLeod, that I could attend his classes in plane geometry almost every day, and year after year, and never get beyond the first proposition.

Mr. Bosworth remains green in my memory, too, because he was the first person to make me conscious of words, thereby making himself responsible for much that I am sure he regrets.

The school, in the old days, was ruled by R. P. Bates, in the upper register, and by Mabel Slade Vickery among the girls and small fry. "R. P." ruled with an iron hand. I met him shortly after the present building was completed, and I asked him what he thought of it. He shook his head. "Too bad the architect didn't consult me," he said, "I could have given him some useful advice. For

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one thing, I would have had a telephone at each pupil's desk, so the little darling could be in communication with his mother at all hours of the day."

That sentence sizzled with all the accumulated acid of a lifetime teaching school. It must be a hideous trade! As I look back on my own ingenious ways of being pestiferous, I marvel that some teacher, driven beyond endurance, didn't push me off the top of the building. The closest I came to that was when a 6th grader held me by the wrists out of a third story window. Certainly he couldn't have performed that feat alone. I must have been a willing accomplice. What extraordinary creatures little boys are!

I have been asked when I decided to make a vocation of letters. Well, I had a printing press as a very small boy, and in the summers used to hang around the office of the newspaper in the town where we stayed, I was editor of the Folio and the Sigillum, and it would thus appear that I was definitely headed for journalism. As a matter of fact this did not occur to me. For some reason, not now clear to me, I was bent on becoming a mining engineer. I took preliminary exams for the Sheffield Scientific School, but before I could proceed further on this tack, my natural incapacity for mathematics became too obvious to be ignored. So I shifted to Academic, drifted through four more-or-less miss-spent years, being on the boards of several college papers, and finally emerged—into the advertising business.

Having now spent a number of years in the profession of journalism, as the books call it, or as a newspaper man (as newspaper men describe themselves), I should be in a position to give advice on making a career of letters. I can't. The only advice I can offer is to avoid specialization. Both from the standpoint of material advancement and individual satisfaction, the broadest education is the best. More than ever before, it is now impossible to prophesy what occupation one will eventually follow. The speed of change has increased so greatly that the young man of today must be prepared for constant alteration in his status. It is dangerous to be narrow when a dentist may have to dig ditches and a plumber may have to be a philosopher.

And so, young sirs, I would suggest that in Leacock's phrase, you mount Pegasus and go in all directions at once.

Memories Of Old Latin

TAPPAN GREGORY

Tappan Gregory, '06, Yale '10, lawyer and naturalist; Mr. Gregory has devoted some time and energy to the investigation of the different types of the vanishing timber wolves, about which he has lectured before various scientific societies.

I well remember when the two school magazines were started, and the early struggles to make them live and succeed.

I have recently looked at city directories for Chicago in the decade before the turn of the century, and find the Chicago Latin School so listed for the first time in 1897. It was then at 596 Division Street.

In that year and in that building I attended my first class at the school. I think my impressions of that day are nearly as clear now as they were at the time. Miss Burrell was in charge of the grade, and I have always been grateful for her efforts to make things pleasant for a new boy who was quite overcome with shyness. From then until June of 1906 I attended no other school except for a part of one year. The four years of college which followed and subsequent years in law school were comparatively easy after the thorough and effective preparation accomplished at the Latin School under the sympathetic and intelligent guidance of Mr. Bates and Miss Vickery and their admirable staff. Their intellect and understanding made themselves felt throughout the school. No problem troubling the mind of a boy was too insignificant or unimportant to receive considerate attention and wise counsel. For their many kindnesses to me I shall always be greatly in their debt.

I am sure all of the best traditions of the old administration have been carried on by the new. I am sorry that I am so much out of touch that I really do not know whether any of the old staff remains. I remember with much pleasure and satisfaction the capable instruction of such excellent teachers as Mr. Bosworth, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Whiting, Mr. E. A. Bates and Miss Crocker, to say nothing, of course, of the principals themselves.

So you see the old school has always been to me a real *alma mater*. I wish I had the time and talent to write more and express better what I feel so strongly. I do appreciate this opportunity to send you this word of greeting and congratulations and to wish you all, and the school, the best of luck.

Down The Years

HAVEN A. REQUA

Haven ReQua, '12, Yale '16, editor of *Folio* and *Sigillum*, is now the president of the Standard Fuel Company.

A short time back, I received a letter from the Editor of the *SIGILLUM*, and although I didn't in the least want to answer it I had to, for the communication was written so delicately and worded so tactfully it would have been churlish to ignore it. The letter said that an anniversary number of the *SIGILLUM* was about to appear practically any moment and, as an old editor of that distinguished publication, would I please take pen in hand and dash off something bright and sparkling—preferably along reminiscent lines?

Much, much easier said than done. Ought I to dish out some rugged homily about the Spartan virtues of the old days, when I thought I was going to be a permanent, all-time member of the Junior Class? Even my Mother admits I wasn't a very good student. While I cannot prove it, I am reliably informed that the great and good R. P. Bates said that, in his opinion, the only way to get me out of school was to burn it down. In his quaint way he added he thought it would be worth it. The fact that the faculty finally shoe-horned me successfully through my college examinations should be a lasting monument to those stout-hearted men of iron, for what they did was no mean job.

To get on with my reminiscing, I wish I could give you a graphic description of the ceremonies that took place in the old school the day the whale oil lamps were reverently laid aside for the last time to make way for newfangled kerosene illumination, or of the many times the Latin School boys had to run for their lives to avoid the milling herds of buffalos when they came charging down Division from off the prairies slightly west of Clark Street. Those days are pretty far in the past but I can, I think, remember them quite clearly, for at about the same time I was just entering upon my career as a permanent Junior.

Back, in those bygone days, there was an establishment named Housman's, diagonally across from the School, on the southwest corner of Division and State. This place was dear to all of us little urchins, principally because we were absolutely forbidden to go near it, for Mr. Housman, the proprietor, was an eminent saloonist and presided over one of the best bars in town. In fact, at that time there was no Racquet Club, so it was a common sight, along about three or four in the afternoon, to see any number of tired

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business men come up from their boiler shops and blast furnaces on LaSalle Street and stop off at Housman's for a quiet snort.

Anyway, old Mr. Housman was one of those sterling characters who believed that a little draught beer, now and then, was good for the growing boy and made him big and strong. I, of course, agreed with him, as I was but a spindling youth, and yearned for weight and muscle. The faculty, however, looked upon the good Mr. Housman as a low fellow at best, and put a notice up on the bulletin board advising any and all of the young health seekers, via the beer route, that they would be summarily expelled, fired, bounced and tossed out on their little pink ears if they were caught anywhere near the place. You can well imagine how discouraging all this was, but we were quite philosophical about it—expecially as we soon found a back entrance, so located that we could go in and out practically unobserved. We often wondered why we never met any of the faculty there but, being precocious lads, we soon concluded they gave their patronage to a place further up the street, and not so near the School. Everything went swimmingly until a day one, Freddie Ridgeway, came down with the most grievous toothache—so severe that anything but liquid nourishment made him shudder and quake; in fact, to hear him tell it, he had the grandfather of all toothaches.

We knew, of course, that Mr. Housman dispensed free lunch in a princely style and we remembered, with innocent pleasure, his excellent hot soup. It was suggested, therefore, and purely from a humanitarian standpoint, that Freddie be escorted to the hot soup and there be allowed to absorb as much as his delicate condition permitted. Three of us went with him, and after our errand of mercy had been concluded we left. Due to carelessness, or perhaps lulled by a feeling of false security because we had only had soup, we left the place by the front door, instead of the back entrance, and we were all caught redhanded and FIRED.

You can well imagine how our manly bosoms burned with the injustice done us. Here we were, just as innocent as a nest of Easter eggs—this once anyway—and fired for going on an errand of mercy to help a stricken pal. Not only that, but before we could be reinstated in School we each had to bring a parent back with us to vouch for our future, virtuous behavior. This was indeed a delicate and painful matter, as the authorities well know, and I can only hope the others got by with it as easily as I was able to—thanks to very understanding parents.

No mention can possible be made of the old School without an affectionate and respectful reference to that hearty faculty in charge of us little ruffians. How the faculty were able to stand us, I shall never know. I sometimes think if a chemist got one of our teachers and made a careful analysis he would find the makeup ran to large percentage of unflagging patience, kindness and indomitable will to

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get their charges successfully through their college examinations. The years have brought another faculty but they couldn't possibly have brought a better one, as there just ain't no such thing. Most of us remember the old faculty as vividly today as if we had just skipped out of class. R. P. Bates, for example, who loved to put on a roaring, raging act that would scare the wits, if any, out of the Senior Class, and whose unerring aim with a piece of chalk and his pungent wit kept him in high respect with the students. Of course, everybody knew there really wasn't a kindlier, friendlier man in the world than R. P. Bates but, now and then, discipline simply had to be maintained—and he was the lad to do it. He did it so well, and my memory of him is so vivid, that when I met him recently at the University Club I put my burning cigarette instinctively into my pocket. If that isn't making a permanent impression, there simply is no such thing. Then, there was the kindly Mr. Bosworth, who would do anything in the world he could to help his students through. He dearly loved any pupil of his who showed even a semi intelligent interest in his subject, which was English, and succeeded, after an uphill battle against terrific odds, in making many of appreciate the beauty of a jeweled sentence. Mr. McCloed, that sterling Scotsman, whose stubborn will was harder than the granite of his native country, could and did hammer mathematics into the most resistant skulls, and accomplished this practically impossible job with the utmost good nature. Mr. Whiting, who taught Latin and Greek, and made his charges like it, will always retain a warm niche in the hearts of the Alumni over whom he worked so diligently. There is no school better than its faculty and that is why any Chicago Latin School boy, no matter how long after he graduates, continues a Latin School boy—for the School stamp stays with him, to his credit, until he dies.

Crew And The Charles

J. BELFORT KEOGH

J. Belfort Keogh, '19, Harvard '23, editor of *Folio* while at Latin, at present in the State Department. This article is reprinted from THE HARVARD ADVOCATE with which he was associated.

ALLURING to the eye Crew looms up in our world of sport. And whenever oarsmen contend manfully in a race, then the spectators can find no small delight in the fine skill of parts, enduring strength, and rhythm of the whole which they display. Yet the rowing life has more stuff in't than this racing business. Here is the Charles which flows beneath the quaint or stately bridges of its course; winds down to the broad basin of a metropolis,—there to enter an arena of grand promenade, church, and high-domed structure. And when the time brings on the oarsmen, this little quarter of the world—this quarter sacred to Rowing—starts alive with youthful forms.

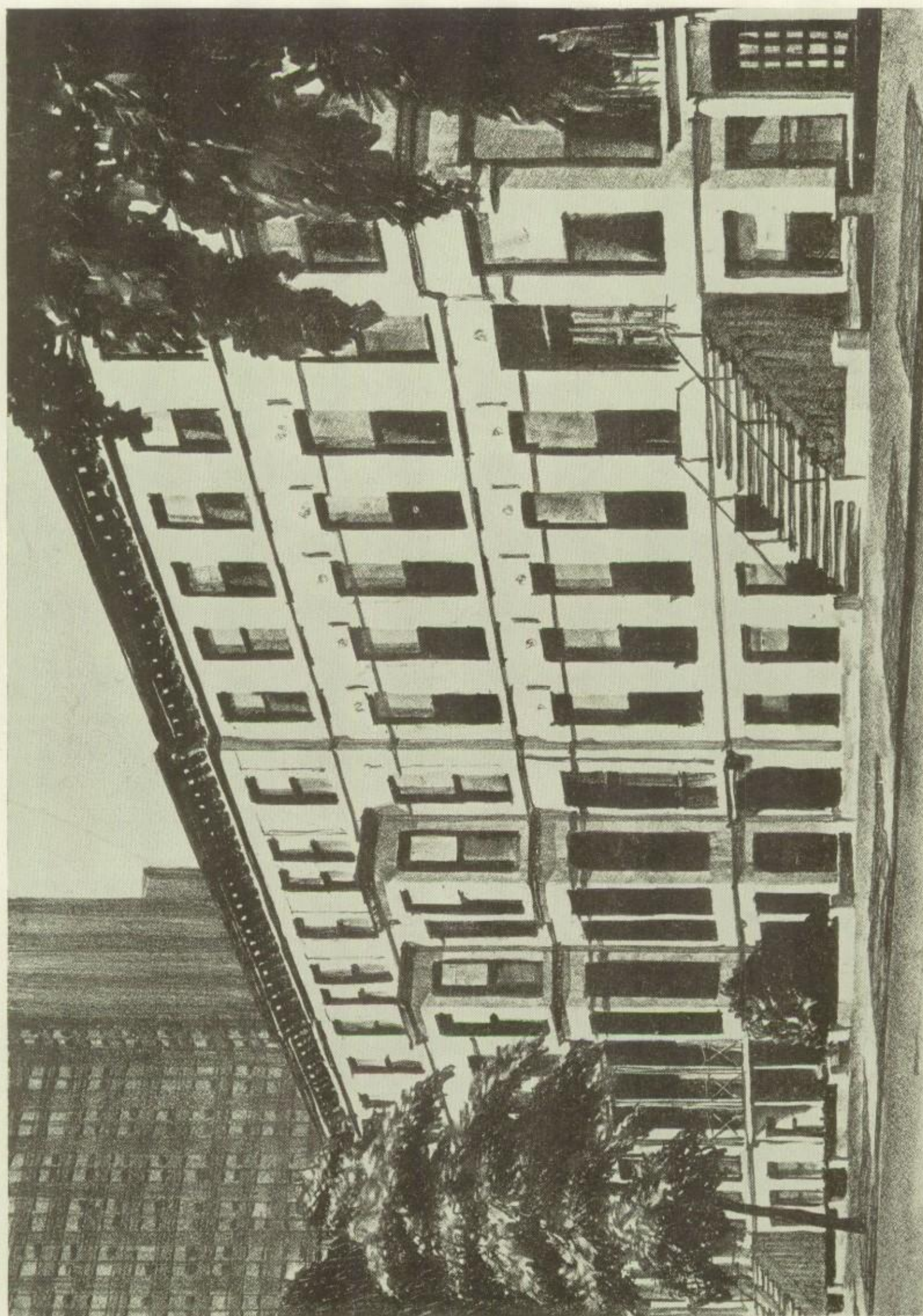
Among the first-crew men are splendid types: most of them tall, lusty fellows with a good coxswain to guide the boat. Now whether the little steersman's voice be low-rumbling or high-piping, they row his commands with silence and despatch. These are real oarsmen, after all, who appreciate the value of system. Their coxswain never hesitates: he orders, pilots his crew with confidence a general might acclaim. So these seem flawless oarsmen; they work as one. Oars catch in, sweep through, and finish out together. There is but one quick rounded wrist-play of them all; but one long leaning of shoulders back and forth. Like a swift muskellunge their shell moves augustly,—with lesser fry giving way. Thus row the gods of Rowing! And though coaches may find them imperfect, it is not seemly for others to do likewise.

Sometimes in March a crew is out when rain, mist, and hail descend. Then objects loom up indistinct; then factory, bridge, and river-bend take on the poetry of gray. The hail comes down aslant the backs of the rowers, and beats in the coxswain's face. The fingers of the oarsmen are benumbed; their palms alone feel contact with the oars. In one hand the steersman grips wet rudder-lines . . . what wretched things to handle when coated with ice! . . . and with the other hand shields his eyes against the cutting hail, peers forward to mark the obscure turn, and calls out commonplace mistakes he never sees. The wind jerks at his megaphone; the hail and rain wet his lips,—muffle his voice. Nevertheless, shouting through his teeth, he keeps the spirit of the crew vigorous. The boat moves strangely on. . . . And if a savage of the Amazon could have a glimpse of that long phantom as it stabs swiftly through the mist, then would his heart shudder within him because some unknown ghoul of the river had sprung up into life.

SIGILLUM

Now to a coxswain life must be glorious; for think how it thrills him to crouch way back in that narrow seat of his, a few inches off the water, eight sturdy lads in front rowing him along; and all he has to do is watch their blades paternally and suggest improvements. Is this not a pleasant way to spend an afternoon? Aye! a pharaoh was never rowed more royally down the Nile. The boat of a pharaoh was a heavy, most unwieldy thing; whereas this sixty-one foot shell of not three hundred pounds,—here is a delicate contrivance; a sensitive, an almost living body. This body the little coxswain rules. And he loves to hear the “thrrump!” when eight long oars shoot from the water, leaving whirling pools of white behind; to bellow out “CATCH! STROKE!”, if some poor wherry lies ahead, and then to watch it flounder out of danger. He even ponders the abundant food he might well provide the Charles, if only a notion seized him to spear things at his will. Moreover, how distinguished he must feel when riding beneath an arch, or past a float, or anywhere that there be lookers-on. For on such occasions will the crew always row smartly without goading on his part. What intuition quickens his men to top-hole efforts? Forsooth the “blessed bunk” in each of them inspires a noble piece of rowing,—when other eyes are on them. Little wonder that with these manifold entertainments, a cox will smash into a bridge, and have coaches at the top of their lungs suggest unpleasant things,—eloquent, unfinished ejaculations which leave him in a quandary. Heigh-ho! ’tis all in a day’s paddle.

A goodly sight indeed to watch the crews return when darkness has come down upon the river, and lights blink from bridge, from boat-house float—as in a work from Pennel. Crews in the distance seem blurred objects moving slowly on the face of the water. A beam of light may show a momentary silhouette of oarsmen, and that is all. But on the boat-house float, what weird mingling of long shells borne by their crews up toward the racks; of running managers with lanterns; of men who carry in the oars across their broad shoulders; of coaches yelling to direct the shells that wait their turn out in the dark. Then when a coxswain gets his chance to approach, has guided the boat forward alongside the float,—the rowers hurry to have showers and be done. And so they leap out of the shell and, struggling, toss it high over their heads. Water drenches down on them, and all tread gingerly on the wet boards. Though socks are wringing wet, the crew laugh and make way for other crews of the line. Certainly a Rembrandt should be granted to our time, that he may paint in feeble lantern-glow and blended umber,—a coach or two with yellow, flashing oilskil; and youths with flashing, rounded limbs!



OLD VICTORIAN HOUSES, A LITHOGRAPH FROM A SERIES OF OLD CHICAGO RESIDENCES BY HOWARD RAFTERY, '15, PRINCETON '19,
ARCHITECT OF DISTINCTION AND INSTRUCTOR AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

From Madrid To London

DOUGLAS DIES

Douglas Dies, '30, Harvard '34, is a United Press correspondent in London, England. The following article is reprinted from the Newspaper *World*, Oct. '37.

From midnight to 8 a.m., I receive news in London telephoned from every capital on Continental Europe, or nearly all of them. These include usually calls from Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Geneva, Moscow, and that focal point of the eyes of the world these days, Madrid in Spain.

Although the Moscow line is generally considered worse than calling Junior to dinner, Madrid now is even more difficult. When our switchboard connects me, I have to argue with the London operator, an excitable Parisian and a suspicious Spaniard—then I hear the slightest whisper from our correspondent, saying: "United Press, London?"

I recognize the voice of Irving Pflaum, with whom I have talked nightly for six months, but never seen. I bellow "Yes" four or five times before he is convinced, through so many relays. Then he begins:

"Dateline Madrid . . . In the vicinity of Huesca (that's spelled H for Harry, U for Uncle . . .) . . ." But the line fades.

The normal telephone lines to Madrid have been out of order since the beginning of the war. Present connections run to Barcelona, through Paris, thence to Madrid. I cannot speak Spanish, but I continue shouting: "Hello . . . Hello!" until Paris comes through with "One minute," and reconnects us.

Pflaum meanwhile is giving his third story, but must begin again. He is good-natured, insisting again on spelling out Huesca as above, although both of us know the identity of the Spanish town perfectly.

The censorship in Spain is tighter than a pneumatic vise. But our censor, or Hawkshaw, is human. Once when Pflaum was reading a notice on the protection from various gases having Spanish names, I asked him which meant mustard gas and which tear gas. He was not familiar with the technical Spanish names, but Old Hawkshaw at his elbow spoke right up, breaking in to give me all the details in spite of the fact that I only wanted to know which was which.

Another time Pflaum spelled the name of a town out, ending it with ". . . and E for Edward." The censor broke in with:

SIGILLUM

"No. The last letter is A, as in apple." Pflaum said: "My copy is E as in Edward." The censor retorted: "It is the village where I was born, and it's A as in apple." And we took his word for it.

The relief censor who works on Sunday night cannot take it. Pflaum had read about 2,000 words in a weary voice when he stopped suddenly to remark: "This censor must trust me—he's fallen asleep." It seemed like a good idea at 2 a.m., he added.

When we have a question to ask Madrid there are a number of little tricks to get round the censor. One of the best is to use American slang, such as one time when I broke in to ask: "Wait a minute. In connection with this story, we have a rumour that the Big Shot was bumped off and 10 men in the rival mob thrown in the hoosegow. Can you check that?"

But if it is a formal question, I always wait until the end when the censor will let me speak.

All correspondents must telephone from the Central Exchange at Madrid from open booths along the side of the room. Two or three times a night Pflaum shouts: "Wait a minute. They've switched the lights out on me!" This seems to be one chief form of amusement for rival reporters who have finished their telephone calls.

The censor was quite suspicious at first at one of my usual phrases, namely: "Wait a minute. Must change the cylinder." The censor wanted to know what I was doing.

Pflaum explained that I was hardly taking thousands of words in shorthand, but was recording each call on records on a dictaphone in London. And the censor seemed thrilled to know that his every word was recorded in London, a thousand miles away.

The dictaphone is considered far better than shorthand for news reception, as it enables us to check and recheck technical terms, the spelling of new names and of towns. Also, on one call by piecing together several disjointed phrases we were able to decide the fact that an air raid was then in progress over Madrid. The machine recorded the sirens, bursting bombs and the rifle fire, and all the other sounds of terrible slaughter.

The average call from Madrid is 20 to 30 minutes. The longest I took during the war now has been 52 minutes. And when Pflaum was about to ring off, saying "Good-night," the censor chimed in with: "Good-bye, Mr. London."

A Letter From Hawaii

JOHN STUART COONLEY

John Stuart Coonley, '16, Yale '20, at present with the Dole Pineapple Co.

I am just going to write a few words about Hawaii.

The Islands are grand from any standpoint. The people are delightful, the schools are good, the climate is without comparison, and the scenery is hard to improve on. It is an excellent place to work and play in. Jobs are decidedly competitive, which means that one has to work harder here generally, than in Chicago, to keep his head above water. But hard work is compensated for in hard play. Swimming, tennis, and other athletic activities supply the safety valve. Winter sports too. It is an odd sight to see two or more couples, with skis on their shoulders, walking to the inter-island steamer in Honolulu to journey for a week-end to the slopes of the mountains on the island of Hawaii. The mountains rise to nearly 14,000 feet and so frequently there is sufficient snow for real winter capers.

Each island too, has its own particular charm and points of interest. Hawaii, for its mountains, lava flows, fern forests, sugar, and a 750,000 acre cattle ranch. Maui, for the crater in Haleakala, the largest extinct crater, I believe, today, the valleys, sugar, and ranches. Lanai, the pineapple island, owned by our company, and devoted to pineapple and ranching. Molokai, for its virgin forests, pineapples, and leper settlement. Oahu, for Honolulu, Waikiki beach, scenic beauty, sugar, and pineapples. Lastly Kauai, the garden isle, for its streams, water falls, grand canyon, and again sugar and pineapples. There is something distinctive about each island, they cannot be properly described in writing. My recommendation is—come and see them.

Three Poems

STEPHEN KEELER

Stephen Keeler, ex-'33, Yale '38, a more recent student at Latin, who plans to do graduate work at Yale, studying Latin.

The clarity of crisp December night
Made heaven with each singing star hang close
To me. The crescent moon now just in sight
Sank fast behind the ridge where blackened rows
Of firs saw-tooth the fine horizon's line.
Long walls of stone curved over each small round
Of whitely-sheeted earth. Their sharp design
No longer kept the field from fallow ground,
But as they slid across the crusted snow
They seem meridians of some rare sphere
That held me chained and would not let me go
From where each crystal second seemed a year.
With one shrill scream I broke my bonds and ran
Out of my icy goal to warmth and man.

* * *

The infinite majesty of the fall
Has settled in the hills. Strong-minded be
Or else look as a child to see it all
With sanity. The beauty of each tree
So finely set apart by slanting rays
Of evening light burns in my soul. The air
Is clear and merciless, and summer's haze
No longer blunts those lines. The rare,
The steel sharp lines of fall, the line
That separates the sea and sky, the curves
Of barren hills, the village spire with fine
And classic cruelty lay bare my nerves.

Come quickly snow and ease my pain
Quench flame, blur line, O keep me sane.

* * *

This spring is so much like the fall,
The sky is grey and so's the sea.
It does not seem like spring at all,
This spring is so much like the fall.
The heavy clouds hang like a pall
On redly budding maple tree.
This spring is too much like the fall
When skies are grey and grey the sea.

Lost Mementos In A Glass Case

ARTHUR J. CUMMINGS

Arthur Cummings, '36, Yale '40, a recent outstanding student.

Dust unblown and finely molded masks
Are under glass like pauses in the flight
Of time and dark and Sun, that gold-pronged loom
That spins a cage of light around the world.
I look upon the careful dome of glass
So like a bubble blown, absorbing all
Reflections of today within the top.
And dust in thin and like a templed eyelid,
Rendering a songless mystery
Upon the case and thus upon my lips.
Cerebral dreams remind me of that lady
Strangely not forgotten nor remembered,—
Dreams like parchment stretched upon a globe
Distorted (accidentally, it seems).
With fading breath I feel the sullen fragrance
Of the silk-hung air as echoing,
A hallowed but nought-soothing anodyne.
And faintly ballet-dancers' whorls of white
Revolve in chinese pattern; 'cellos sing
So faintly that the smoke-gold light of day
Seems not another sense-perception,—no,
But rather sound commingled with that clean
Abstraction of tree-shadows on the blinds.
We live and are not hurt for this, the living,
Yet we sigh for something lost to night
Unrealized in its eternity.
And so we cherish all poetic baubles
Like those charms and bright-brocaded slippers.

Have you age?

 The golden century-clock
Would only see the clouds and sightless suns,
And neither vaulted fields not steeped orchards
Would respond in acquiescence now.
How can you live?

 Nothing to say have I,
Twice-questioned, nor to tell my soul, but this,

SIGILLUM

Against what fate concedes without my will.
"Yes, I, intense on chaste and heartborn wings,
"Shall seek the words of my escape through night.
"O tiny god, the god of this lean town,
"Create my ecstasy: unshuttered Suns!"
(The night is sad, in spheres of ashen rings.)
"But thou art dead," the 'cello surely sings.

Song at the Well

I

Against the painted hill
The copper beech is like you when
Deep-planted near the mill
Pond through the earth, it long resists
The winds and rains; as men
Are rooted, sun-strong fists
Held in by ropes, full hearts pulsating,
Caged by nightingales,
But caught in nothing solid, hating
All attenuated chains,
All thin and ghostly bands.

II

The earthly impulse binds the field,
And hard wrists growing,
Wild, enchanted, yield
Earth-weakness, slowing
All the tenuated shadows of a dream.
Not this is sad,
O you who bring uplifting force. I tell
You listening in quiet-bruited sorrow that the well
Of misfortune here lies,
Nor but alone in unreaped grain
Nor in the closed-heart rain,
Nor in west-blown and dust-flaked winds
That cringe away with hate,
With hot fists past retreating,
Effortless because of arms and minds above,
Not there but in our deafness to unspoken things.

I say: with love
Of heaven, the sainted well will be all full,
And liquid-cool,
Like moons on sun-hurt roofs.

SIGILLUM

III

Seared by a hot-white devilface
The street was empty,
And the Indian spirit,
Gone forsaken and far-wandered
Deigned to touch with healing fingers not at all.
Cloud-lace is coarsely cut in hemp, T-squared
In stratus forms. Like claret
Held to candles . . . sunset laundered fresh of clouds;
And kneeling trees drop down
Their brushes to the wall
And apple-trees of fruit
Line hillocked lane
That finds the shell-like town,
The villagers escaped with loot,—
With loss, and gain.
Top-soil upturned,
And crop-abused earth below;
The scare-crow houses are far-flown and flung in
dust, the slow
And sombre lessons to be learned.
And cries the crow,
The townsmen's nightingale is dead.
Yes, I called out life
And the streets were empty of answer.

This gaudy smile
Is empty of inward gleaning,
Eyeless for the moonlit-ridge on
Farm lands with the night sky
Patterned by the pigeon
In its white-cleft flight.
And it can realize
But nothings of death and preexistence,—
Papered eyes,
Unfocused, lacking distance.

IV

This full emotion sways
My comprehension of the earth,
The clover, wheat, and maize.
The loam has thirst unslaking,
Though striped barns are splotched with rains.
My heart renewed with blood is breaking
All thin and ghostly bands,
And all attenuated chains.

Connecticut Dreams

The Initials P. W. S. during the years 1930-1934 were familiar ones to all readers of Chicago Latin publications. As founder of the *News* and editor of the *Folio* for two years, Philip W. Seipp showed real talent. His was a creative energy which encompassed all Latin activities. His was a spirit which held high the ideals of truth and beauty.

The following are extracts from a long work written only two weeks before his tragic death during the spring of his Freshman year at Yale. After months of research, *Connecticut Dreams* was written, a tribute to that state's historical roots.

Prelude

And always America is the place of the
deathless and enraptured moments, the eye
that looked, the mouth that smiled and
vanished, and the word; the stone, the leaf,
the door we never found and never have forgotten

—THOMAS WOLFE

Connecticut has these places:

High-terraced gardens with hollyhocks—stiff, fragrant lilac charms;
And pleasant fields that yield a view of crystal lakes;
And vaulted lanes of maple trees bound by low stone walls;
Tall wooded hills where one greets night beyond a twilight sky;
Small country roads that wind and twist their rutted way;
And where roads cross, a general store, a hitching post, a well sweep
tall;
Rust-colored blacksmith shops, a white, Ionian town hall, and gardens
High with hollyhocks.

No less it has these moods:

The calm hush of summer rainfall—the soft symphony of rain;
And the gossamer webs of spiders, heavy, lacy, with the dew;
And the slender blades of grass, gracefully bending, iridescent;
And the soft rain on one's cheek, cool and yielding, smooth and sweet;
And the startled call of starlings—with damp wings, a frightened
flutter;
All the while the eddying, ebbing diapason of the rain.

Or the midsummer night's dream of a vaporous mist, gliding low
o'er a lake,
And the croaking of frogs in a pond;
The sound of night bathers, a canoe cutting water . . . the swish
of a deft j-stroke;
Or a clean new moon in a cloudless sky, or Hesperus high and bright.
Or the furious gale of a three-day northeaster in from the coast;
The savage beat of the hard-pelting rain, and the cold, bitter damp-
ness suffused with the wind.

SIGILLUM

Or the streaked and ruddy henna dyeing deep the once-green wood;
And the lazy haze of autumn; and the deer at licks at sundown;
And the full and swelling orchards, heavy trees with fecund offering
To the goddess of the harvest; and the crunch of fallen leaves;
All in russet, scarlet autumn, all in tawny, yellow autumn, all in
 wine-soaked, glowing autumn;
In a dead and dying blanket, rustling crisply under foot.
Or the wilderness of whiteness—a small cabin bound by snow;
Radiant fields with sunlight glistening, and a crowded mackerel sky;
And a sawing wind cutting lightly the length of the lake;
And drab trees that naked shiver, beside tall and blue-green pine;
And the blood-red wound of the setting sun, soon to be healed by
 night;
And a choked and desperate freshet gushing from out its tiara of ice;
Or within doors fires cracking, or of hard birch logs, red embers,
Dying embers forming fantasies one might conceive
As little Indian villages and a great, gilt Hobbomocko* stalking the
 streets;
And then waffles on the griddle, and the smell of fried hung bacon
Soon the cabin hushed in night.

Yes, Connecticut has this feeling:
White Georgian churches, passionate spires, austere crying to God;
Proportions good and just and true, restraint that sings of stern
 flint souls,
That speaks of fire, plainly prints conviction in the Green.
That dates of seventeen-sixty-one and seventeen-sixty-two,
That stare from placards over doors, evoke a thousand memories . . .
Of pewter-like and burnished souls.

I

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?

—HORACE

Put the history books down and seek out the towns
Where all these things took place . . . let memory suffuse
With the present's face the distant shades of the past.

O Connecticut valley,
Triumphantly telling of your rich resources, your bounty so endless,
 your wholeness and oneness;
How great is your land!

O valley and hills,
Then so studded with maples, and oak trees and chestnuts, and
 walnuts, and cedars, and pine;

*The Evil Spirit of the Indians.

SIGILLUM

O pine of the valley, so tall, so high-rising, the temples to God;
yes, the primitive temples that spoke to the spirit, the Great
Indian Spirit, the primitive spirit; their God;
And wild-cherry growing, and laurel in groves, the laurel, in spring-
time, with rich clustered blossoms, the breath of the spring;
And wild tiger lily, and daisies on hillocks, and white ladies' lace;
And in the deep woods wild pigeons were nesting; and geese that,
in wedge shape, cut open the sky.

O beasts of the valley
You ran unafraid.

The gallant bucks fought, and the doe and young fawn, in the fresh,
dappled sunshine that shot through the leaves, came shyly to
water and timidly drank;
There were bears in the valley, and beaver and otter, and wild-
running moose.

XIV

. . . and, on the marge, the sea
Makes thunder low and mist of rainbowed dew.

—HERMAN MELVILLE

New London:
Bay estuary of the sound; yes, seamen from the first;
Master Coit making trading ships to sail with cargoes far—
To Boston with wampum and peltries . . . there traded for powder
and lead;
To New Foundland, with country-cured pork; Virginia by stormy
coasts;
Out to the Menbadoes, in search of tobacco, and dry hides and
buckskin.

And later Coit's son and Hugh Mould and John Stevens . . .
They made *The Endeavour* and with a large cargo
Of cooper's stock, ponies, of cured pork and bacon
It sailed around Fisher's and out to the sea—
And to the West Indies, the sultry Barbadoes, the island of flowers,
the island of fruits.
And in the Atlantic, good fishing for mackerel;
And huts soon sprang up on the shore;
There were mussels and clams in the sand.
(Remember the Indians who first taught the white man to pick up
the clams with his toes.)

SIGILLUM

When New England slavers were bearing their cargoes, of black
mumbo jumbo and terrified negroes,
When, for trinkets and trifles, buying ebony gold mines, they sailed
swiftly back from the Africa Gold Coast,
If chance should have blown then, north up the Atlantic,
They might have seen whales shooting spouts.

And soon sturdy square-riggers, the functional whalers, drop anchors
at port
When we think of Melville's seamen, and the ghost of Moby Dick—
Ambergris, a fading pipe-dream . . . it recalls those vivid days;
Just as does this sailor's diary: "Comfort Davis hath hired
My whale-boat, *The Guidance*, to go a-whaling out to Fisher's. . ."

Read these answers to queries proposed by officials
Of George the Third's government, now in New London:
"The natural produce of this country is timber, and iron and copper
ore, and the wax of the myrtle;
The produce and stable commodities are . . . wheat, oats, rye,
and maize;
Beans, peas and potatoes; cheese, cider and apples."

The streets . . . and the wharves . . . are a-hum with this com-
merce:
The produce heaped high in drays drawn by yoked oxen,
Or teams of six horses, six sturdy black Percherons;
Carts heavy with wheat, kiln-dried corn in fat barrels;
Peas in bags, pots of butte, and savoury round cheese—
From the pastures of Sharon, or Lebanon's richness;
And piles of pipe staves of the sweet-smelling spruce—
Rumbling down from old Norwich, from Hebron or Putnam,
Or from the Yantic banks.

These, to Philadelphia, in small coasting vessels, and down the
seaboard coast;
And for lumber and live stock, the French and Dutch traders gave
cocoa and cotton;
And trading then prospered, gathering speed as a spinnaker picks
up the wind;
To England with pot-ash, with flax-seed for linen;
The trade scope grew larger—Gibraltar and Barbary;
New London had trade with the world!

SIGILLUM

Meticulous, past midnight in clear rime,
Infrangible and lonely, smooth as though cast
Together in one merciless white blade—
The boy extuaries fleck the hard sky limites.
—HART CRANE

New London, and O Sea,
Recall all this, these fading dreams.
O sea, and sounds, and stars and sky!

O sea, wind-ruffled, spread out flat, or spitting fury to the gods;
And sounds, of slapping breakers in the rocks, and sprinkling puddles
on the sand;
And stars that guided sailors on the deep, the moon that warned
of storms;
And sky, grey and blanket-like, touching the rims of latitudes
Beyond the human eye.

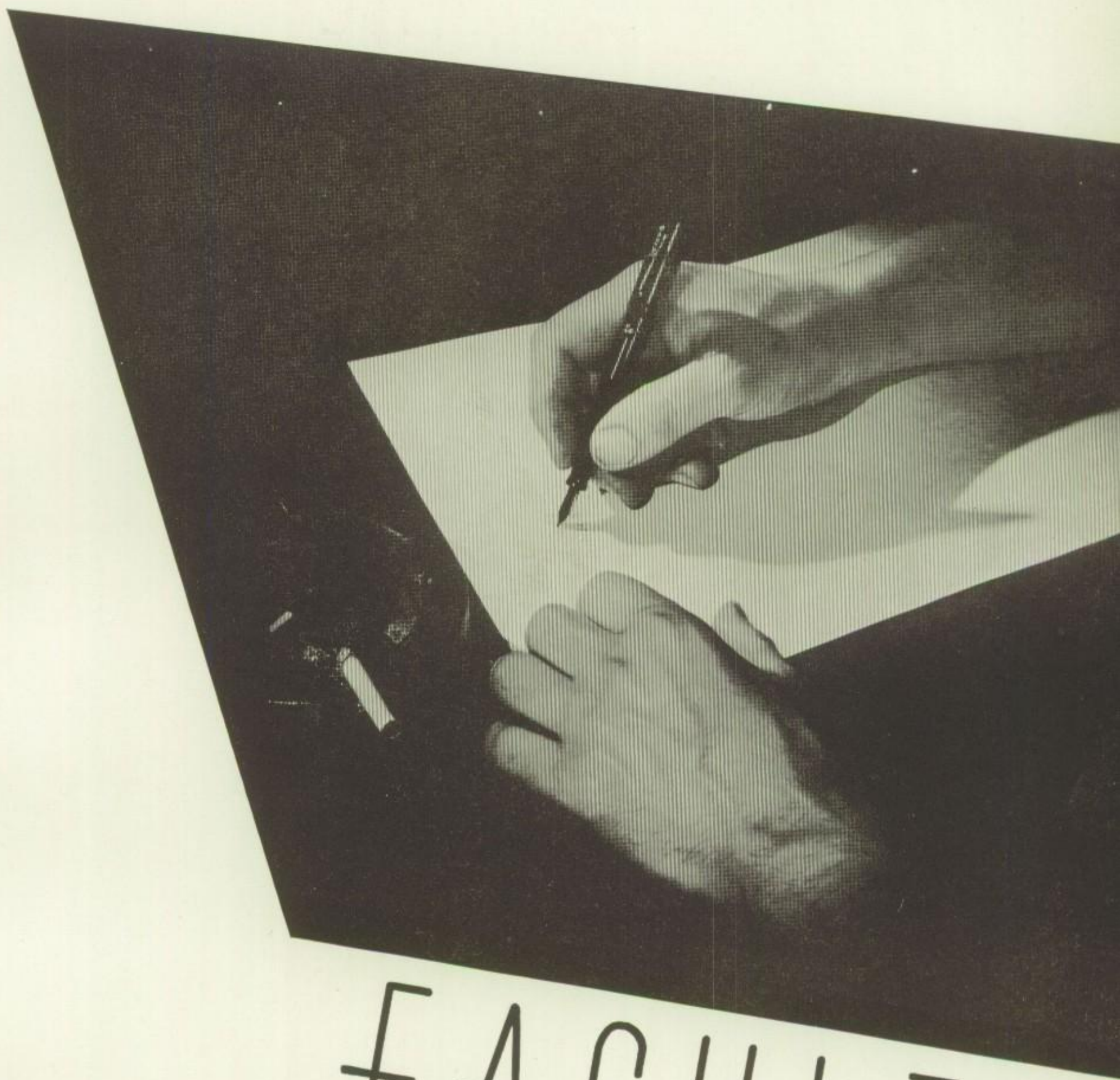
New London . . . Sea,
Recall all this.

Requiem

So dream, so dream, O pensive towns,
We know you in our hearts.
If you are still and quiet, tradition's true retreat,
If ghosts at night slip from their time-worn graves
And leave the church-yard's mythic shade,
You cherish still . . . a fragmentary breath
Of glory past.

If, though, but placards mark those days,
If life has left you almost lost, and the rattle of trolleys and din
of work's traffic,
Pause but a moment . . . consider your richness;
Then let daily problems, your life, rush on.

The past, the past . . . the present weaves it in its web,
And what our lives no longer need we give up
Unto Time.



FACULTY

Retrospection

WE TURN AND LOOK for a moment down the backward path, sunlit with memory. To those whom we find there, we bow—respectfully, perhaps a bit humbly.

To William McLeod, whose keen spirit and knowledge freshened the lives of school generations; to Marie Arnold, whose German courses culminated in the annual festival of the chocolate pigs; to Catherine Crocker and Katharine DeMeritt, whose kindly instruction raised the French department to a point of high efficiency; to Mabel Slade Vickery and Julie Adams, whose zeal in historic research led sometimes to Sunday sessions; to Ellery Bates, whose flashing wit and artistry were long a school tradition; to Ida Taylor, Esther Kennedy, Louise McKelvey and Alice Murray, who gave the light of their personalities to the flickering lamp of learning; to these and to all those others who aided in the rearing of this, our school, to its standard of sound scholarship, we offer homage of respect, and gratitude.

SIGILLUM

FORREST EDWIN ADAMS

Mathematics and Science

Dickinson College, B.S., M.S.

U. of Pennsylvania, M.A.

Mr. Adams, science and mathematics teacher at Chicago Latin for twenty-two years, is greatly admired by all his students. His brilliant mind and keen wit clarify most difficult subjects, and periods slip swiftly to a close after the accomplishment of an unbelievable amount of work. Love of squash, tennis, and checkers, and his amazing skill in these have brought him close to his pupils; he has become their friend.



DAMON BARNES

French and English

Wesleyan University, A.B.

Mr. Barnes teaches both French and English; in fact he acquired his proficiency in French by teaching English over in France. In 1929 he married and started teaching at Latin, having been with us ever since. Mr. Barnes' good nature and splendid sense of humor make his classes extremely interesting and profitable. He takes pleasure in photography, manual training, and art, in which he is joined by some of the student body, who find him the finest of fellows outside of class.

SIGILLUM



THOMAS J. BOSWORTH

English

Harvard, A.B.

Head of the English department is Mr. Bosworth, who has been at the Latin School for 36 years, and is this year spending a well-earned leave in Europe. His courses are thorough and practical. Deeply interested in literature, drama, and music, he has kept pace with modern trends. His classes open new fields, bringing a new stimulus along with a rigorous grounding in the fundamentals. His return in the fall of 1938 will be welcomed by the whole school.

E. RUSSELL BRADLEY

Director of Athletics

Northwestern University, M. S.
Y. M. C. A. College of
Physical Education, B. P. E.
Springfield, Mass.

For sixteen years Mr. Bradley has had an outstanding record as athletic director and coach of basketball and baseball at Chicago Latin. Handicapped by size, weight, and numbers, Brad manages to turn in an unusually creditable showing for a school of our number. His experience and thorough knowledge of sports make him a competent athletic director and a fine coach. His whole-hearted interest in boys and his knowledge of their needs make it a pleasure to play on his teams.



SIGILLUM

WILLIAM DWIGHT DARROW

French

Cornell College, A.B.

Mr. Darrow is an exceptionally fine French teacher and has served ably as temporary Assistant Headmaster during Mr. Bosworth's absence. Mr. Darrow also has charge of the Dramatic Club, which has enjoyed much success under his sponsorship. In class his brilliant conversation and sparkling wit stimulate lively discussion. His rich and varied background divulges new ideas and new outlooks, while his kindly interest is a continued source of assistance to his pupils.



DUDLEY L. DEWEY

History and Assistant Athletic Director

U. of Illinois, B.S.

Lewis Institute

Northwestern University

In the many years he has spent at Latin, Mr. Dewey has shown an energetic industry in both his teaching and club work. His seventh and eighth grade and freshman boys are developed into smoothly working teams under his guidance, and his skillful leadership instills genuine sportsmanship and love of the game. His method of teaching history—with the aid of class projects—has made the classes interesting and profitable.

SIGILLUM



CROSBY G. HODGMAN

History and English

Bowdoin College, A.B.

U. of Cornell, M.A.

Mr. Hodgman, head of the History Department, teaches English as well. His enthusiastic eagerness and skillful leadership of discussion make his classes stimulating and worthwhile. He is keenly alive to modern trends, and his courses show this by their vitality. His informal method of teaching and close contact with the students make his classes pleasant, practical, and remunerative.

FRED G. JOHNSON

Mathematics

Lewis Institute, B.S.

Worcester Tech

U. of Columbia

U. of Chicago

Teaching mathematics at Latin for twelve years, Mr. Johnson has, in addition to this, charge of Form I. He is an ardent baseball fan, quite partial to the Cubs, and is also fond of golf. Mr. Johnson has been instrumental in founding golf teams at Latin, whenever talent is available, and in herding eager young golfers through the annual spring tournament. He has always been one of the most popular of teachers, regaling his students with his witticisms and easy-going manner, and conducting his classes with a discipline which although not rigorous, is most effective.



SIGILLUM

CARL R. KEELER

Sixth Grade

Hastings College, A.B.
Northwestern University, M.A.
Chicago University

In the five years Mr. Keeler has been at Latin, he has greatly developed Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts along with his duties as sixth grade master. Both of these have been molded by him into active and vital organizations, of inestimable value to the younger pupils of Latin School. Mr. Keeler's long association and experience with boys fit him well for his job.



LEWIS R. KLINDERA

Manual Training

Mr. Klindera has been with us seven years now, and it is he who teaches all manual training. Always willing to help any one, Mr. Klindera and his classes turn out seaworthy kayaks, ashtray stands, toys, Dramatic Club scenery, and countless other remarkable products—marvels of wood, brain, and brawn. Mr. Klindera teaches a mechanical drawing class too, and plays his violin in the school orchestra.

SIGILLUM



PAUL LOUBERGÉ

French

Student of Professors
Lawdon and Galharrague
of Bordeaux, France
Diploma of Sunumeriat, A.B.

The Lower School is indeed fortunate in having the perfect introduction to French given them by Mr. Loubergé. Born, raised, and educated in France, he speaks his native tongue beautifully, and at the same time has a remarkable faculty for teaching it. Mr. Loubergé is a talented pianist and former singer in the French opera. As well as being an excellent teacher, he is a cultivated and charming person.

EDWARD MANCHESTER

English

Wesleyan University, A.B.
U. of Wisconsin, M.A.

Taking Mr. Bosworth's place teaching English during his leave, Mr. Manchester has made himself very well-liked during his short stay. His unusual background, inexhaustible knowledge of literature and drama, and his timely wit adapt him well for teaching English. Classes are rather informal and Mr. Manchester is close to his students. He will always be remembered by Latin as an unusual teacher and a fine fellow.



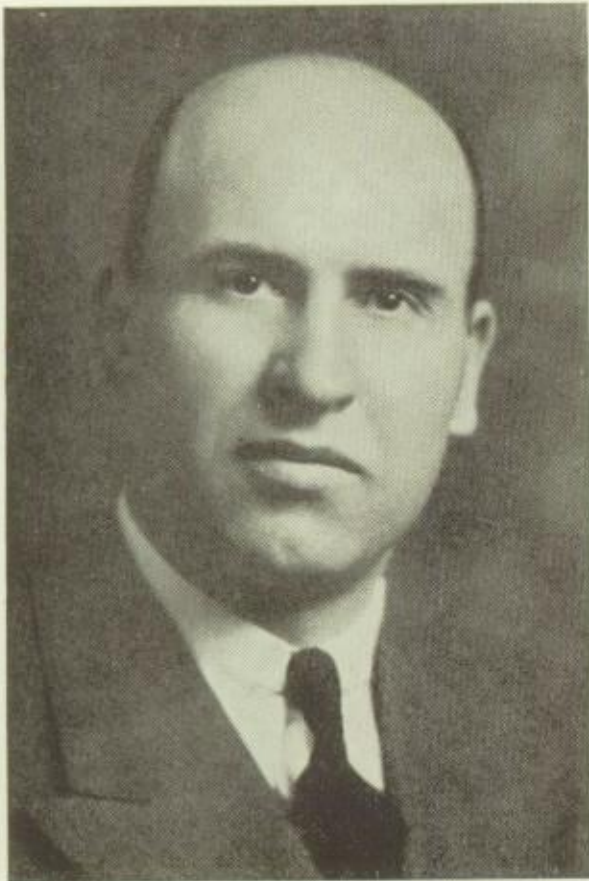
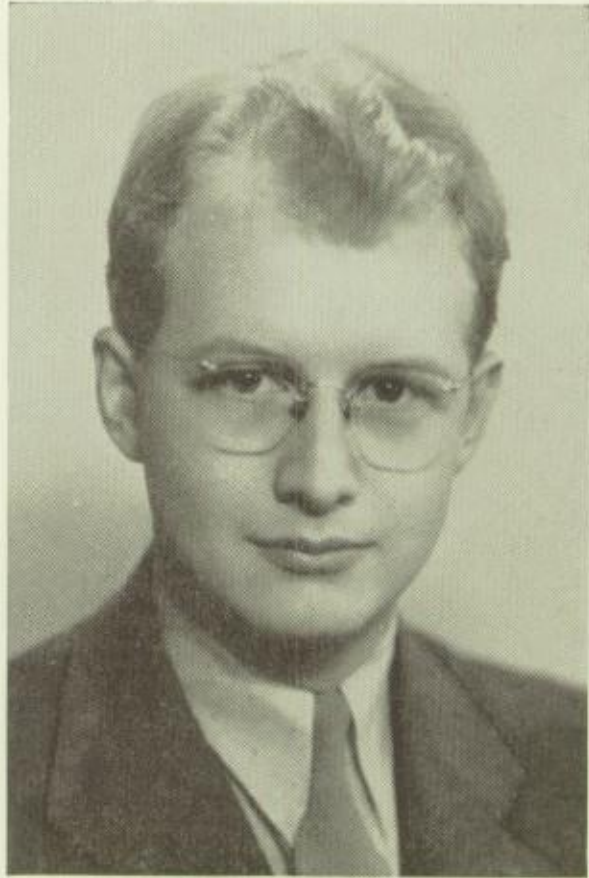
SIGILLUM

JOHN McCARTHY

Music

Harvard, A.B.

Mr. McCarthy, who was new to us this year, has done much to improve the school musically. In addition to his Lower School classes, Mr. McCarthy has charge of the Glee Club and the Orchestra. A graduate of Harvard, Mr. McCarthy has worked patiently and diligently planning and preparing assemblies, developing the Glee Club, and working with the Orchestra.



FRANK ROKUSEK

Head Football Coach

U. of Illinois

Roke, as he is called, is one of the best-liked men at Latin. He works long and hard, handicapped by an inadequate squad of boys lacking in size, weight, and experience, yet manages to produce successful teams year after year. He regales the school time and again with amusing football yarns. But Roke builds more than football teams; he builds character. He teaches boys to face life the way they play football—to take the hard knocks, to play hard and fair, to respect the opponent. Any one who plays on his teams cannot help but admire Roke and follow his outstanding example.

SIGILLUM



KENNETH SHOPEN

Art

U. of Illinois, A.B.

School of the

Art Institute of Chicago

Mr. Shopen, the school's art teacher, is best known to the Lower School. In addition to Lower School classes, Mr. Shopen has a Third Form art appreciation class and voluntary painting classes for those who so desire. An artist in his own right, Mr. Shopen exhibits at the Art Institute, and his vast experience is quite helpful to his pupils. His kindly understanding and quiet, subtle sense of humor make him a popular asset to our Faculty.

ERNEST W. STILLER

German and Latin

Haverford College, A.B.

Mr. Stiller—the boys call him “Unc”—is one of the most popular teachers in school. His affability, good humor, and sympathetic kindness are felt even by those who are not in his classes. Those whom he does teach find that he takes a whole-hearted interest in each individual, and that his methods of teaching are productive of good results.



SIGILLUM

PERCY L. WHITING

Latin

Harvard, A.B.

Mr. Whiting, the sage philosopher of Latin, though demanding hard work, is greatly cherished by the student body, present and past. Possessed of a candid observation, an immeasurable source of information, an acid tongue, and an entertaining wit, he stimulates his pupils to lively debate. His classes, sprinkled with humorous anecdotes, are never dull. Students flock to him outside of class to discuss the affairs of the day and to secure his respected views.





SENIORS

SIGILLUM

Football '36, '37
Basketball (L) '36
Baseball Manager '38
Student Council '37, '38
Senior Prefect '38
Glee Club '36, '37, '38



EDWARD JOSEPH BENNAN



Edward Bennan, one of the more dignified and reserved members of the class, holds the most respected position in the school, that of Senior Prefect. Bud exemplifies the fine tradition which the position should carry with it. He is quiet and observing, stern and understanding, and has become, through his noteworthy leadership of the council, one of Latin's better prefects. Although his conduct has always been exemplary, he is one of the most popular members of his group.

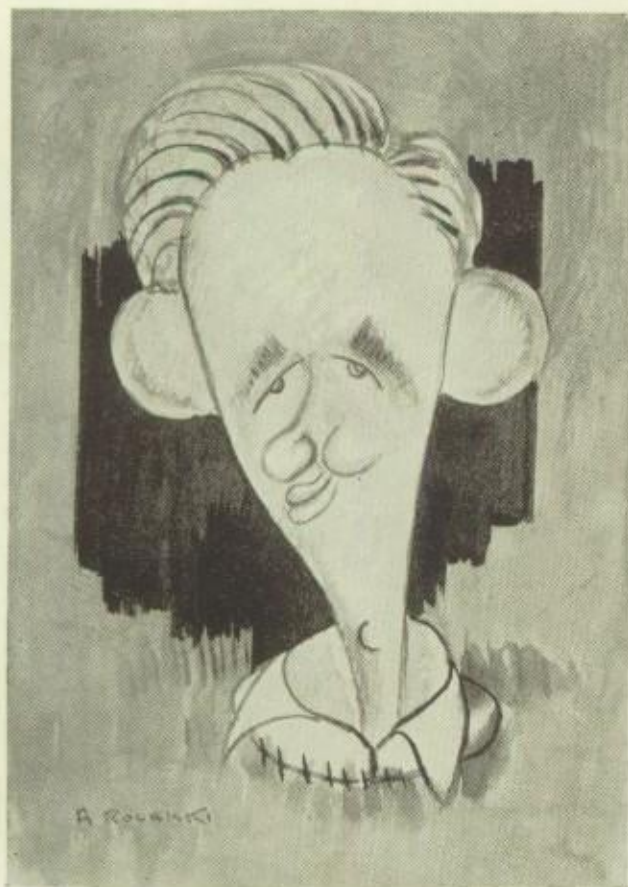
His interests have included the major sports and extra-curricular activities, and in his senior year he has become a student "par excellence". We have been proud of Bud in school and know that he will give us cause to be proud of him in the years to come.

SIGILLUM

Football '36, '37
Football Captain '37
Basketball '37 (L), '38 (H)
Basketball Award '37
Baseball '37, '38
President of Athletic Association '38
Student Council '37, '38
Class President '35, '38
News Board '36, '37, '38
Sigillum Board '38
Dance Committee '38



FRANCIS REYNOLDS BLOSSOM



One of the more outstanding members of the senior class is Reynolds Blossom. He has been a vital influence on the council for the past two years and has been the backbone of Latin's teams. His leadership and ability on the football field led to his election as captain of the 1937 team.

Rennie's interests have not been devoted to athletics alone. His excellent sense of fun has manifested itself not only in classrooms, but on page 3 of each issue of the News. A most versatile person, he is accomplished in magic and a fine pianist. Rennie has twice been elected class president, and he is with reason the most popular of the class.

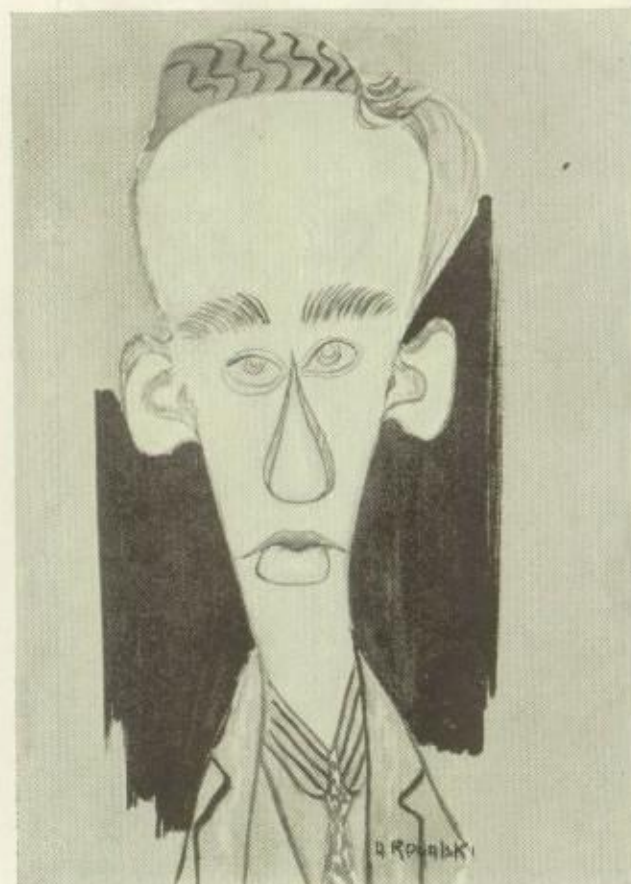


Tennis '37, '38
Basketball Manager '38
News Board '37, '38
Glee Club '37, '38
Vice-President of Class '38

JAMES GORDON BRENNAN

Jim Brennan, affectionately called Jasper, is an affable and thoroughly pleasant fellow. His rollicking humor is forever with him and has made him a most likable fellow. Although his athletic endeavor has been confined to tennis, where he has been a valuable asset to the team, he has managed and helped this year's basketball squad to victory in his position as manager.

Jasp has been the butt of many a situation, but has never failed to laugh it off in the spirit of good fun. Thus, through his good nature, Jim has become an indispensable part of the class.



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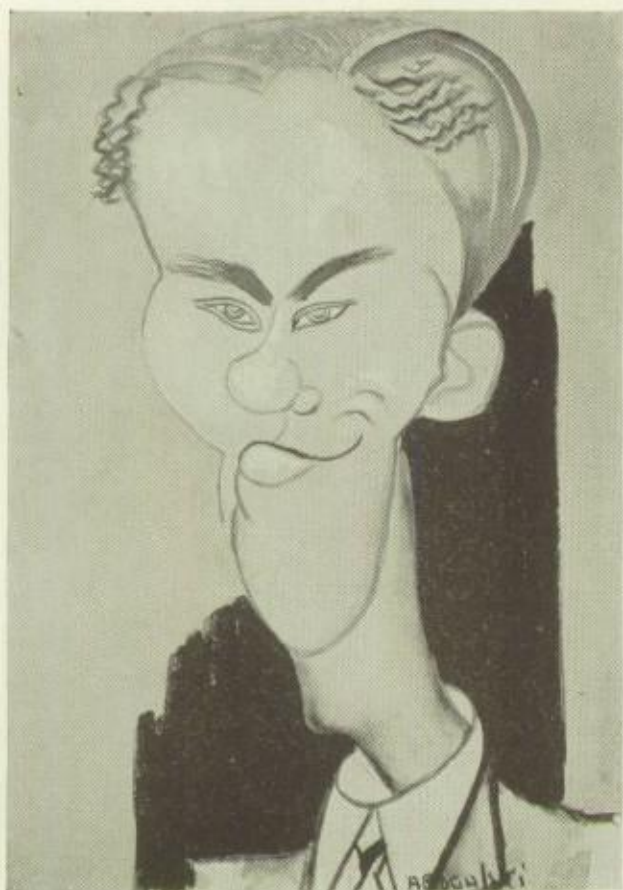
Football '37

Basketball '37 (L), '38 (H)

Basketball Captain '37 (L),
'38 (H)

Baseball '37, '38

ROBERT BAKER CRANE



Robert Crane has been at Latin longer than any member of the senior class, and as long as we can remember he has been the same well-liked fellow. He is probably the most even member of the class, possessed with a pleasant nature and sense of humor.

His athletic ability was climaxed this year with the captaincy of a very successful basketball team. He also played quarterback on the football team and shortstop for the Latin nine.

His keen sense of humor and devil-may-care attitude has enlivened many a dull forty minutes, for which we are duly grateful. We are sure that wherever Bob goes he will win friends easily; he's that kind of a fellow.



Dramatic Club '37
Tennis '38

LAWRENCE FREDERICK CRAWFORD

Larry Crawford is best known at Latin for his hard work and ready tongue. He makes careful preparation for all his studies and through his effort has maintained fine grades. Monday morning always finds him wandering into Latin class late after a hard week-end at Lake Delavan. When not found conversing with his bosom companion, Donald Murphy, or some other kindly individual, Larry is usually in a corner talking to himself. His humor, brains, and powers of conversation are recognized by the class, and Larry is an enjoyable personality, popular with every one of his classmates.



SIGILLUM

Football Manager '37
Student Council '38
Sigillum Board '38
Glee Club '37, '38
Class Secretary '38
Dance Committee '38



WILLIAM BADGER DENNISTON



Bill Denniston has amused the class since his freshman year with his scientific explanations. Science has become one of Bill's main interests, and he has accumulated a great wealth of information and knowledge about the subject. His good nature and contagious laugh have enlivened many dull days, but we have also found a capacity for serious thought.

Possessing natural business inclinations, his abilities have led him to various managerial posts. These include his position as manager of the 1937 football squad, his leadership in running a most successful senior prom, and the job of business manager of this issue of the Sigillum. Since his appointment to the student council Bill has exhibited an understanding for lowerclassmen's problems and has won much respect in the school.

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Basketball (L) '37, '38
Basketball Captain (L) '38
Tennis '38
News Board '38
Folio Board '38
Sigillum Board '38
Dramatic Club '36, '37, '38
Glee Club '35, '38
Class President '36
Harvard Club Award '37
Scholastic Award '35, '36, '37,
'38

EDWIN CUSHING EELLS

Looking at Cushing's fine record, we find it hard to know just where to begin, for he has had his finger in about every pie in the Latin School. Wherever there's a difficult job to be done a call for Cushing is always heard, and the problem is usually solved.

A member of the News Board, the Folio Board, and the Sigillum Board, Cushing is kept constantly busy writing about the school and keeping the exchanges in order. However he has found time to take part in practically all the plays which the Dramatic Club has presented in the past three years and has been a member of the Glee Club. For the last two years Cushing has displayed his athletic ability on the basketball floor, and this year he captained the lightweight team.

In spite of these outside interests Cushing has had the scholastic award for four consecutive years, and last year he was presented with the Harvard Club Award. His capability, extending to all fields, speaks for itself.



SIGILLUM

Tennis '37, '38
Folio Board '38
Sigillum Board '38
Dramatic Club '37, '38
Glee Club '37, '38



IRA FRANK JR.



Ira returned to us last year as a junior after spending two years away from Latin in New Mexico. The last two years have found him extremely active. In 1937 he was one of the leaders in a movement for a tennis team and upon its creation proved to be the backbone of a successful squad. Ira was an excellent Romeo in the Glee Club's operetta last year and has also been active in the Dramatic Club. In fact, his interest in the latter has developed so far that he intends to study drama in the east this summer. He is sure to be a success at Northwestern.

SIGILLUM



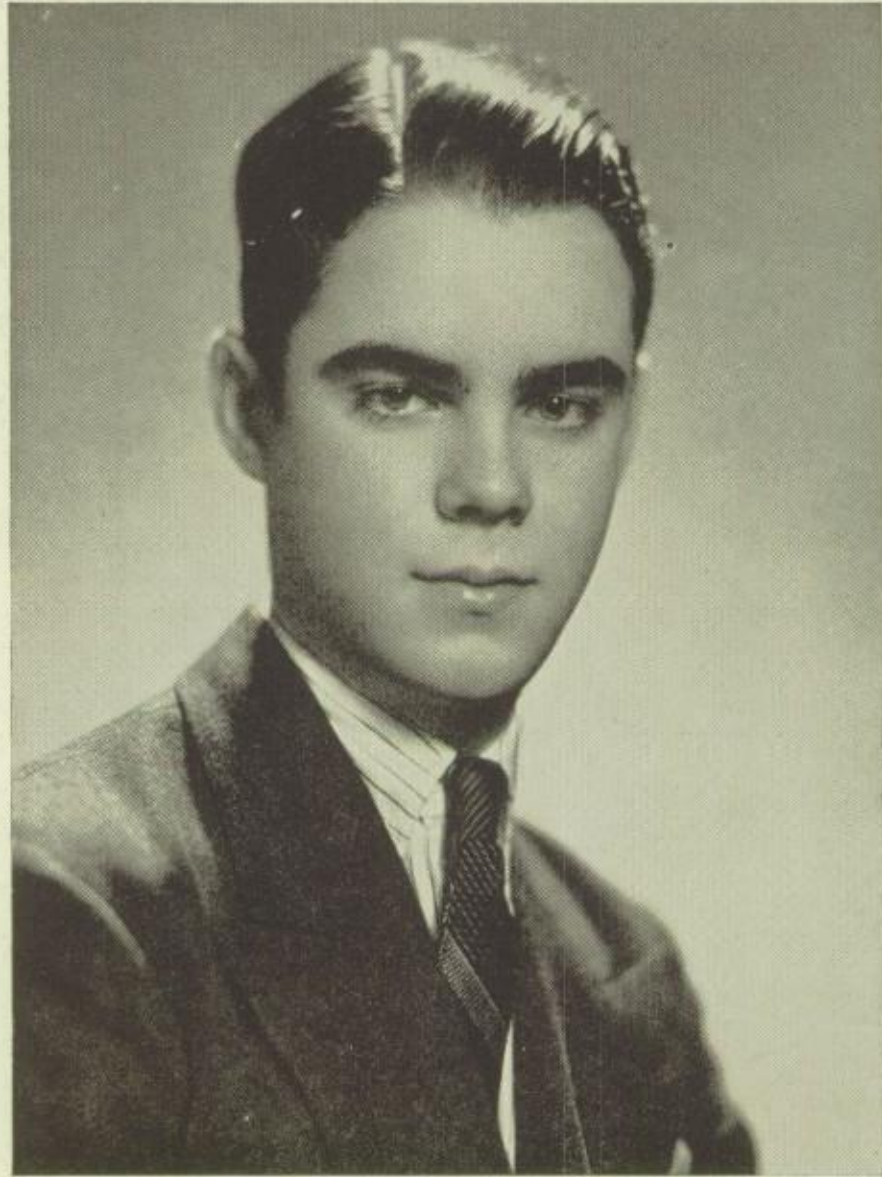
Football '37
Basketball (H) '37, '38
Baseball '37, '38
Baseball Co-Captain '38

ALLAN GARDNER

In the many years Allan has spent at Latin he has left an unforgettable mark on the school and in the memories of his classmates. A fine fellow, full of fun, yet always calm and reserved, Allan is a dependable athlete as well. End on the football squad this year, center for the basketball team, and second baseman or catcher on the Latin nine, "Allie" has been the backbone of many a team, earning five major "L's" for himself. His steady, consistent playing has made a vast impression on Latin's three major sports. A good student and fond of sportsmanship and clean playing, Allan is sure to make a success in the world at whatever he may choose to do.



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News Board '37, '38
Editor of News '38
Dramatic Club '37, '38
Glee Club '37, '38

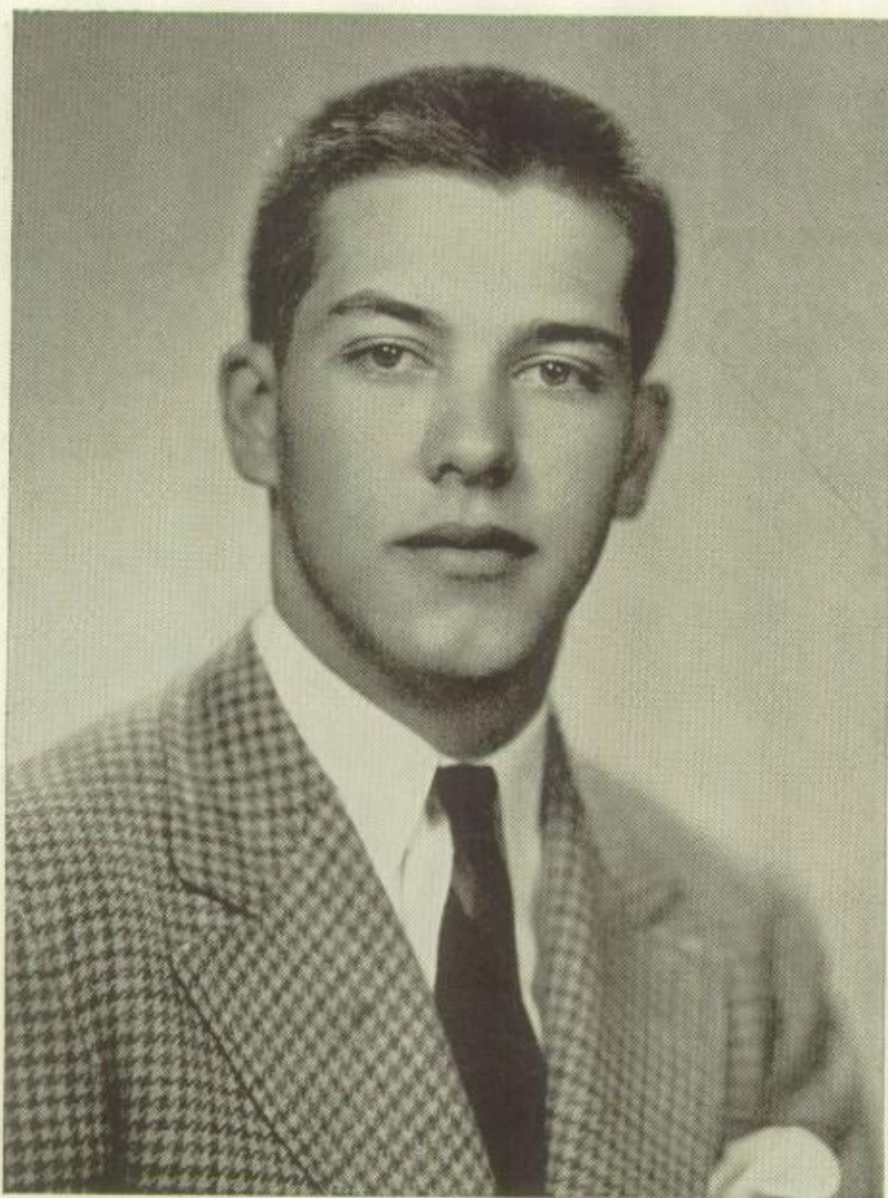
WILLIAM EDWARD GREENEBAUM



William Greenebaum, better known as Bill, has a keen and active interest in the school. Although not athletically inclined, Bill has compensated for this by his enthusiasm for extra-curricular activities.

His work on the News last year was climaxed by an appointment to the editorship, which has since kept him well occupied. In spite of this task with its accompanying difficulties, Bill has managed to attain better than average marks in his studies. His classmates have discovered an easy-going and unassuming attitude which has made Bill a pleasant chap as well as a diligent worker.

SIGILLUM



Football '35, '36, '37

Basketball '36 (L), '38 (H)

Baseball '36, '37, '38

Baseball Co-Captain '38

Dramatic Club '35, '36, '37

Glee Club '35, '36, '37, '38

Class President '37

WILLIAM S. HOWELL

Naturalness and "rugged individualism" are combined in Bill Howell. His manly prowess has overlapped the field of athletics, influencing even his classroom work.

Bill is a standby in the three major sports. On the football field he has been a "spark plug" for the team in spite of injuries which forced his season to be incomplete. Bill is a keen basketball player and an outstanding catcher in baseball. "Do or die" might well be his slogan, and he has long been a lower classman's example of good sportsmanship.

Bill will always be remembered by any one who has opposed him on a football field, basketball or dance floor.



SIGILLUM

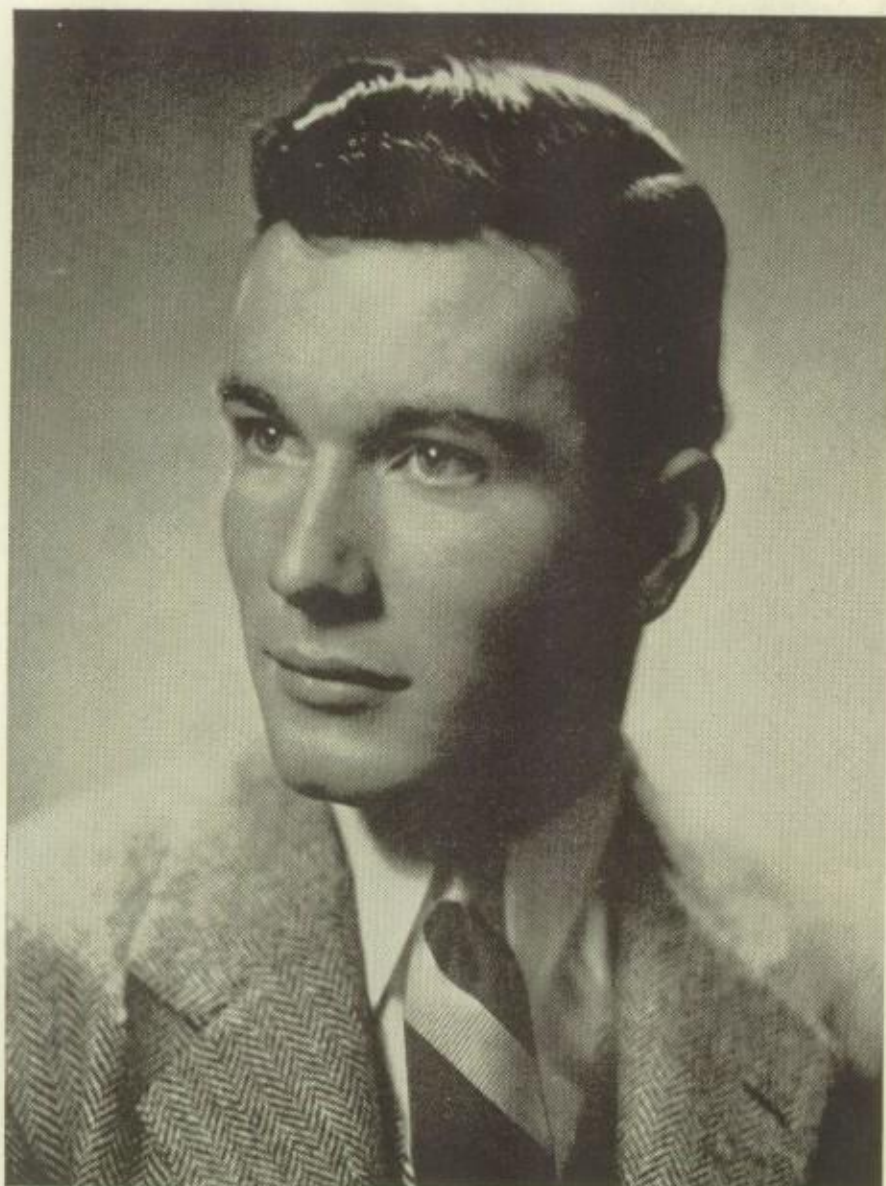
Football '37
Basketball (L) '38
Tennis '37, '38
News Board '38
Dramatic Club '36, '37, '38



ROBERT STANLEY LEVINE



Bob Levine has worked more diligently on his studies than any other member of the senior class, and his concentrated effort is manifest in his excellent grades. Also Bob has found sufficient time to participate in sports and extra-curricular activities. This year he earned letters in football and lightweight basketball, and he has played tennis the last two years. On the News Board this year he showed himself a capable reporter. Many of the Dramatic Club productions have been aided by his talent. Scholar, athlete, and participant in numerous extra-curricular activities, Bob has made a place for himself at Latin among his fellow students. If hard work counts for anything at all, Bob will soon realize his ambition to become a lawyer of the first rank.



Folio Board '38
Dramatic Club '36, '37, '38
President of Dramatic Club
'38
Vice-President of Class '38

DONALD R. MURPHY

Donald Murphy has been in the Latin School ever since we can remember and is one of the few boys in our class who started in the early grades. As near as we can tell, Donald has always liked the same things: horseback riding, dramatics, drawing, and a humorous situation.

In the past three years Don has been active in the Dramatic Club and has proven time and again his skill as an actor. His numerous trophies can tell, better than we, that Don is an expert rider. As for his drawings, he will be glad to show, upon request, any text book, past or present, which should be of great interest to all art lovers. For Donald's sense of humor we refer you to Mr. Manchester, who seconds it only to that of Bea Lillie, though we feel that perhaps he is a little prejudiced.



SIGILLUM



Squash '36, '37, '38
Student Council '35, '37, '38
Folio Board '35, '36, '37, '38
Editor of Folio '38
News Board '35, '36, '38
Editor of Sigillum '38
Dramatic Club '35, '36, '37,
'38
President of Dramatic Club
'37
Glee Club '35

ROBERT CONRAD SEIPP

Conrad Seipp, who has been at Latin ever since kindergarten, has made a long and impressive record in the annals of Latin. Long interested in art, drama, and literature, he has stood out in each of these lines. He has had important roles on the Folio for four years and the News three years, and has acted as editor-in-chief of both the Folio and Sigillum. His influence in student government through his three years on the Council has been marked. Conrad has belonged to both the Dramatic Club and Glee Club, has taken part in almost every dramatic production here in the last four years, and has once acted as president of that organization. His interest in athletics is also keen: Conrad swings a wicked squash racquet and is an ardent Cub fan. He paints, writes both poetry and prose, and also attains excellent grades in school. This year he has actually been the backbone of both the Folio and Sigillum, spending long hours on each. The Latin School is proud of his achievements; he is sure to distinguish himself.



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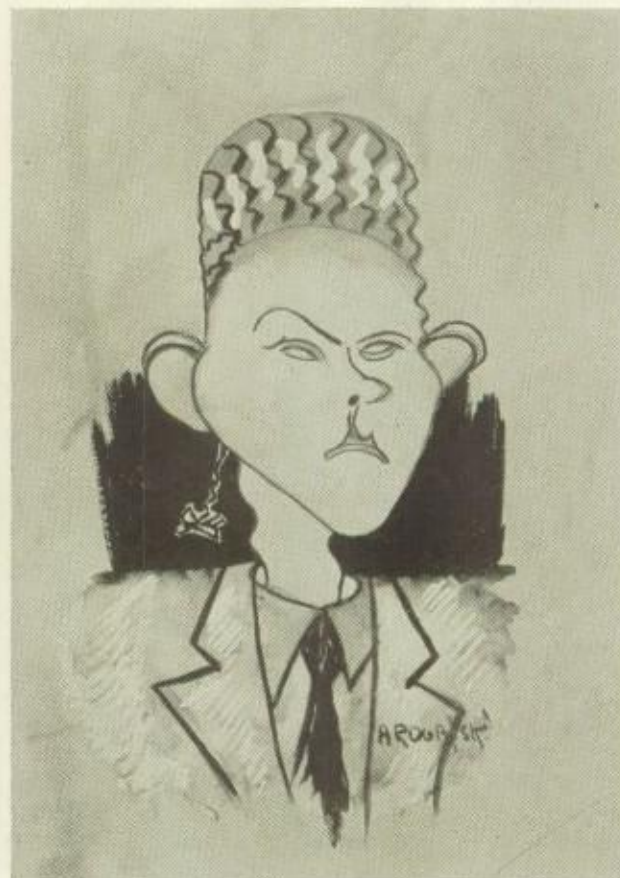
Football '35, '36, '37
Basketball (L) '37, '38
Tennis '38
Track Award '36, '37
Student Council '36
General Science Award '35

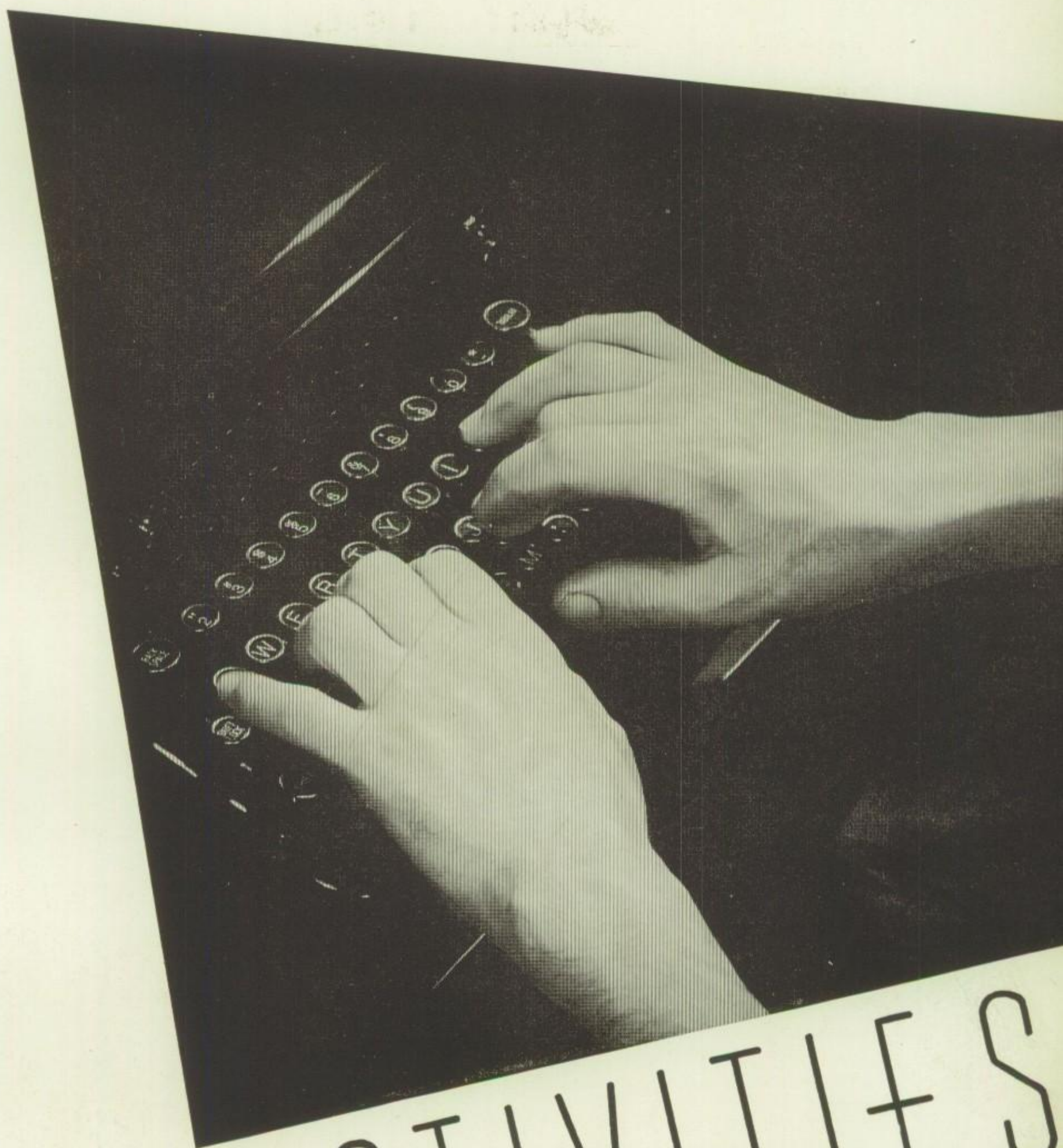
ROBERT CHARLES SICKEL

Robert Sickel is well known for his genial smile and pleasing personality. Perhaps one of the more socially minded boys, Bob is recognized for his accomplishments on the dance floor.

Bob has not limited his interests to girls however, but has attained meritorious athletic accomplishments. His speed extends to track, where, on his visit to Texas last year he broke several records. Bob has also been an outstanding member of football and basketball squads.

Bob is the moody member of the class, but his good nature has been far more consistent than his attendance during the first part of the week. Bob will be long remembered as a thoroughly likable and pleasant fellow.





ACTIVITIES

SIGILLUM



Crowe, Seipp, Blossom, Bennan, Prefect, Denniston, Franche, McCarty, Postell

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

In view of the fact that the school is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year I believe it fitting that a brief history of the Student Council be given. The faculty started the Council in 1927, its purpose to help maintain order and discipline in the high school. With this organization the faculty hoped to get the boys to assume responsibility, to teach them self-government, and to be more independent.

The Council was at first composed merely of seniors appointed by the faculty. The group, numbering three at first, was presided over by a Senior Prefect. The first three Councils, then known as the Senior Councils, were headed by George Lill ('26), Harold Hodgson ('27-'28), and Peter Fortune ('28-'29). They conducted highly successful Councils, creating a close and friendly relationship among the student body as well as maintaining discipline.

In 1930 the Council, under the able leadership of B. Henry Sincere, drafted the present constitution. According to this Council members were to be elected by the student body and were to represent not only the senior class, but also the fourth and fifth forms. With these changes the Council became an even more responsible part of the school. First under the leadership of Frank Lagorio and then with Thomas Geraghty, the student body came to respect the Council, finding that student government could be both effective and popular. Several important amendments were added to the constitution in Geraghty's year, as well as the Ath-

SIGILLUM

letic Association. Other responsibilities, such as the football dance and gym night, were assumed by the Council and have since been continued. The following year, 1935-36, Gordon Spens discovered the effect of stern and rigorous discipline, supervising a well-run Council. After him Robert Antonsen and Charles Ford made the Council popular while accomplishing its work.

The way in which the Student Council can succeed to govern the school is to command the cooperation and respect of every member of the student body. The Council is hampered by not having a suitable way of punishing a boy in order to gain respect. This respect may be gained if the boy is taught to have greater respect for the school. It is on this theory that we have endeavored to fulfill our duty this year.

I believe that we succeeded to a certain extent, but not nearly as well as if we had had a more interested and *earnest* group. I also believe that the Council should be smaller, and this we have tried to accomplish. So with a smaller Council and more earnest and sincere boys coming up from the Junior Council, you are destined to have a fine Council next year. The Student Council of the Chicago Latin School will be a well-respected and well-liked body of leaders.

EDWARD J. BENNAN, Senior Prefect '38

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club was formally initiated into the school in the fall of 1935. Naturally dramatics was nothing new, for plays had previously become an important part of the school's extra-curricular activities. It had been the precedent that both the junior and senior classes present a play each year, and plays were also produced by the lower forms and the lower school. However the need became apparent for the organization of some formal group, created not only for presentations, but also the reading and studying of plays. Mr. Darrow consented to supervise its activities, and weekly afternoon meetings were held. The success of the club since its inception can be measured not only by its productions in assemblies, but also by work and study accomplished during meetings. Although hampered by an inadequate stage, lack of proper lighting, and limited scenery, the Dramatic Club has presented plays ranging in scope from John M. Synge's "Riders to the Sea" to George S. Kaufman's comedies and A. A. Milne's "The Man in the Bowler Hat". The proposal to establish a fund for the purchase of necessary scenery, costumes, and stage and lighting equipment should be carried through, so that the Dramatic Club may become an even more vital part of the school than it already is.

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FRANK, EELS, SEIPP, Editors

THE FOLIO

The *Folio* first appeared in the fall of 1901; started by Arlene K. Miller, it was a small magazine, which carried both literary material and notes about the school activities and athletics. The cover was designed by A. E. Bates, and the magazine was financed through subscriptions and advertisements. The *Folio* was intensely popular, and it quickly developed into a very complete magazine. Mr. Bosworth and "R. P." were instrumental in its development, helping out and improving it. The *Folio* was soon made larger, continuing to run literary contributions as well as write-ups about the school activities. The magazine provided a fine stimulus for literary development and was edited by many persons who have since become notable. When, in 1926, the school moved, the format of the *Folio* was changed; the cover utilizing the bookplate of Rockwell Kent which had just recently been presented to the school, was adopted, as well as a change in the style and size of the magazine. The content, however, remained much the same, and was not changed until the adoption of the *News* which allowed the *Folio* to become a purely literary magazine. As such, it is indeed unusual, especially for a school of the size of Latin. It is certainly hoped that the high literary standard can be maintained.

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BLOSSOM, SEIPP, CROWE, GREENEBAUM, *Editor*, LEVINE, EELLS, PETERSEN, BRENNAN, GRAHAM.

THE NEWS

The *News* was first published in October 1933 as a supplement to the *Folio*. Although it answered the primary need for a news organ, its purpose was manifest. The aims of the first board were, briefly, "to create school spirit, to strengthen student government, to voice and give voice to undergraduate thought and opinion, and lastly to publish general and sports news that is timely." Here is the program which has changed but little in essence, but which, through interpretation, has embraced many diversified and changing subjects.

In that first February it was found necessary to change the size of the paper from that of the *Folio* to one similar to today's. The editorial columns boosted the Athletic Association and urged membership, while the Alumni Association found a voice in an Alumni Column. Several complete letters from graduates or travelling undergraduates were published. These proved so successful that the following year also found interesting travel talks in the *News*. In passing the paper on to a new board, Philip W. Seipp (founder of the *News*), Richard Florsheim, and Jere Patterson expressed the wish that the same ideals would be striven for.

In taking up the challenge for the first News Board, Francis Broomell and Robert McCracken, co-editors of the *News* in 1935, added a new principle. They attempted to form a closer relationship among faculty, alumni, and students, through an exchange of ideas and opinions. Toward this end a series of "Brief Biographies"

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of teachers was initiated; likewise letters from important alumni and an inquiring reporter's column were started. Crossword puzzles, then a vogue, also found their place in the News, along with a continuance of the popular "Dribble" column. An important precedent was established when the incoming board published the last issue of the year.

Under Rhodes Bucklin the paper was an eagle-eyed sentinel for students' rights, school spirit, and extra-curricular activities. The vigorous editorials of the third year of the News will long be remembered. Especially do we remember the urgent request for a new school song and for early announcements of assemblies. It was immediately before the change of size and format, due to the desire of making the News in part financially independent of the Folio through advertisements, that such familiar titles as "Here and There", "The Drain Pipe", and others came into being. Many of these are today incorporated in one feature. The year closed with a photographic contest and an ad for the senior prom almost the size of the News itself.

Under William Callender all that was considered good in the past's originality was retained in the reversion to the former-sized paper. "The Front Page" turned into "News Nibbles", while a vigorous Student Activities column was conducted. The editorials of this year were concentrated on participation in athletics. A letter form, "Now It's YOUR Turn", proved to be one of the most popular innovations and helped to relieve the burden from the editorial page.

And so the News has changed, never forgetting its basic principles, always hopeful of a new, entertaining and instructive feature for the school. The articles of the past still live today, unconsciously revitalized in new headings, topics, and articles. In every printed word is embodied the spirit of the News, its founder, and of the Latin School itself.

* * *

Confident that in the rapid development of the News, readjustment to changing conditions must be accomplished through conscientious thought, the News Board of 1937-38 has introduced, and abandoned, policies in reporting and writing news which, it believes, help to form a paper vital to the school. In these attempts toward a more perfectly fitting journalistic style, the paper has been reorganized so that it reflected Latin's true spirit. A platform announced in the spring of 1937 was revised in subsequent issues, until today we may proudly say that the News has helped further each cause and today finds its work three-fourths accomplished. This, we feel, does reflect the "Latin outlook".

SIGILLUM

Not only in spirit was the News changed, but also in reality. Columns themselves were reorganized, often combined, so that the needless repetition, so often found in school publications, was done away with. Feeling that in past years the importance of editorials has been on the wane, the News has published only a few editorials this year, these realistic rather than idealistic. Instead the letter forum reflected student sentiment, while featured columns presented opinions of staff writers. They were no longer mere repetitions of programs, but earnest, sincere criticisms. With these few examples of change you may perhaps understand the underlying principles of this year's News Board.

We feel that this year's ten issues all pointed the way towards a unity in school spirit through a conscious understanding of the problems facing the student. The paper was not merely dedicated to rehashes of old news or well-known events, and this in itself is, we feel, a definite step forward. When a solution is found to present financial problems, when greater understanding of position, and co-operation between boards is accomplished, then the News shall be strong, lasting. Its expansion will not be for expansion's sake, but for the future good of the school, which it should represent not only as a news organ, but in spirit, pride, and outlook. This is the heritage of the News.

WM. E. GREENEBAUM, Editor for 1937-38

DANCE COMMITTEE

For many years it has been the custom that the senior class give a dance during the spring or Christmas vacation. This year William Denniston and Reynolds Blossom conducted a most successful one, held December 29th at the Saddle and Cycle Club. The committee worked conscientiously to prepare the elaborate event. They secured Stan Norris's band, which provided excellent music from nine till two; the committee also arranged a delicious supper which was served at twelve o'clock. The two members of the committee are to be congratulated for their excellent handling of what was probably the most successful and enjoyable dance yet presented by the school.

SIGILLUM



SEIPP, *Editor*, BLOSSOM, DENNISTON, FRANK, EELLS.

THE SIGILLUM

The *Sigillum* was first published in the spring of 1902 under Arlowe K. Miller who had already founded the *Folio* in the same year. In the thirty-six years since its birth the *Sigillum* has been published annually with but few breaks. Throughout this span of time there have been numerous changes in style and make-up; boards have ranged from three to a dozen. Its standards and principles have, however, been altered but little. Perusing the *Sigillums* of the early 1900's we find write-ups of seniors, sport records, snapshots, news of school activities, and even some literature which technically seemed to belong in the *Folio*. Of course personality of the editors and their staffs has differed; changing years have brought added improvement as new boards profited by the experience of their forerunners. New life and new ideas have made their impressions from time to time. Integrally the *Sigillum* is as it always has been: an annual publication of high literary quality, clever wit, and honest, sincere views and impressions. The *Sigillum*, along with the *Folio*, is one of the oldest and strongest traditions of the Chicago Latin School, unchanged by the years. Long may it continue so!

SIGILLUM

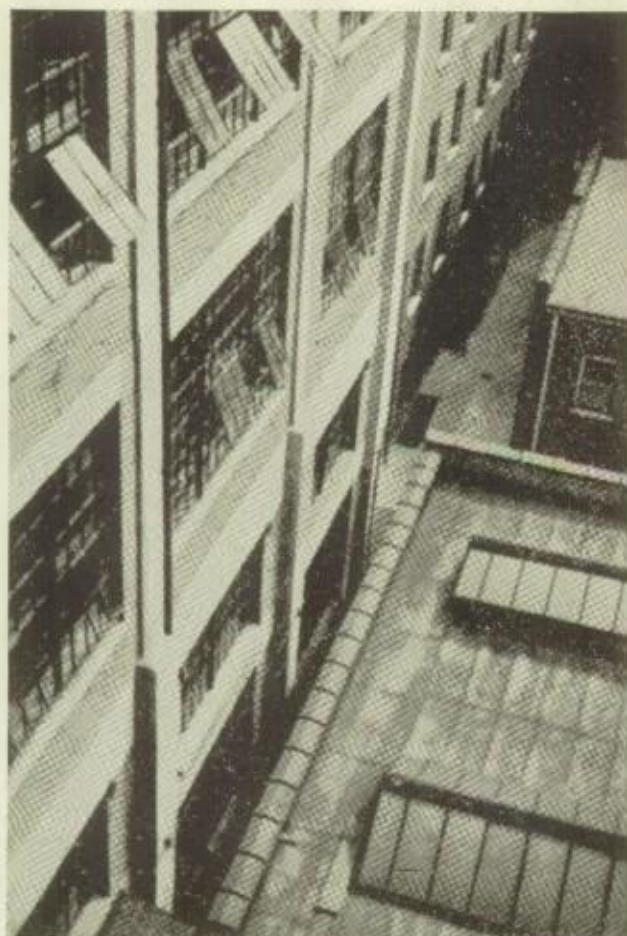
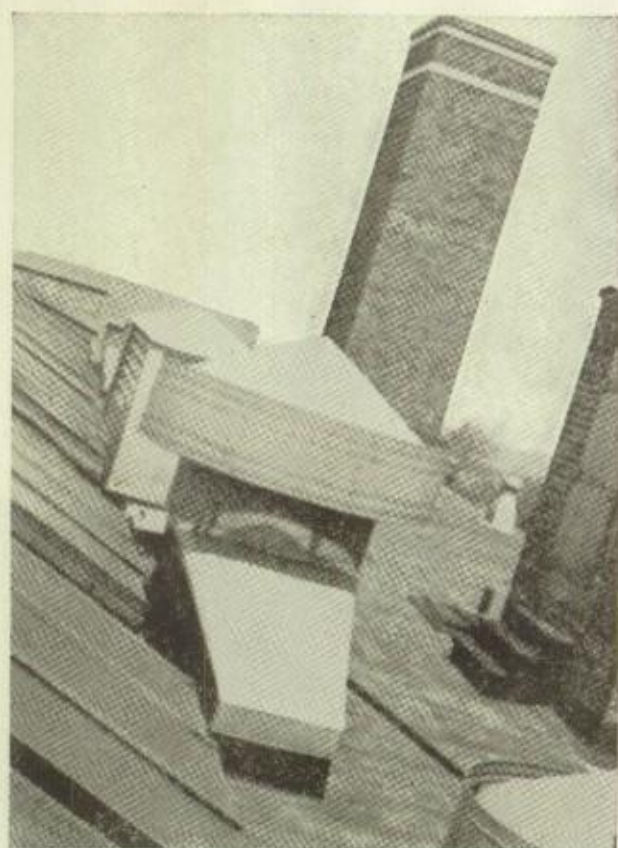
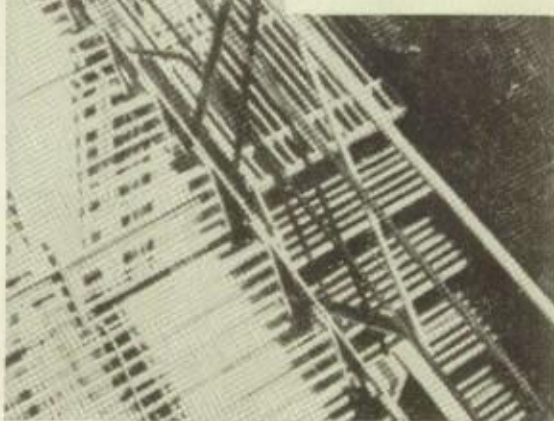
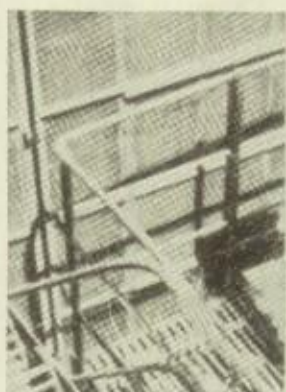
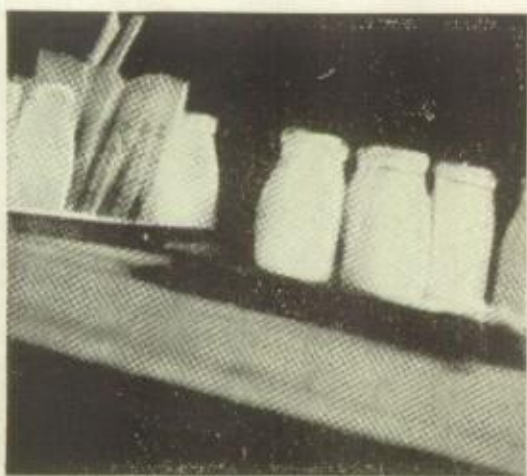
GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

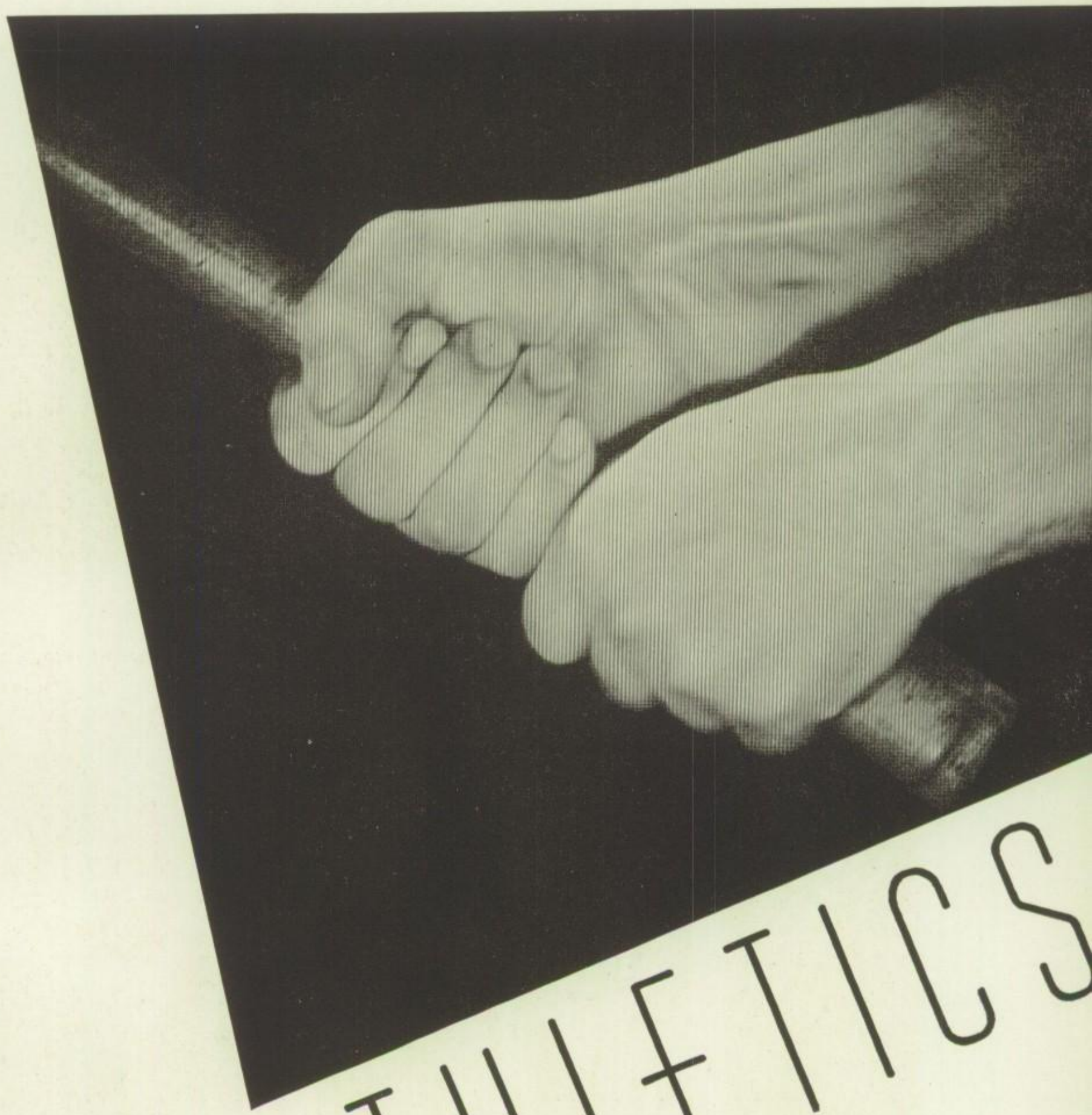
At the time of the Division Street school the Glee Club was a well-established and finished organization; it gave presentations throughout the school year, entertaining the school in a very professional manner. With the new school the singing of the upper school members was confined to informal groups in the music room, until in 1935, following the leadership of the Dramatic Club, Mr. Brannigan organized a group into the Glee Club. Interest was aroused and the group grew; the next year it ventured forth with an amusing and successful revue. The third year a comic operetta under Mr. Sample's leadership was very well received. However the club, also meeting weekly, accomplished a good deal more than its productions. Christmas carols and other songs have been presented in assembly from time to time. This year the group has confined itself to singing and, with the help of Mr. McCarthy, has developed nicely. It is a young group that he has trained, so that we can look forward to some very successful results next year.

An orchestra has long been threatening to become a tradition of the school, and it has made its appearance several times. This year Mr. McCarthy has been hard at work, coaxing and coaching the project along so that next year the orchestra will probably be very much of a reality.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THIS YEAR'S ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET





ATHLETICS

SIGILLUM



Upper Row, left to right—DENNISTON, Manager; LEVINE, end; McCARTY, end; BLOSSOM, halfback; CRANE, quarterback; DRISCOLL, tackle; GRAHAM, halfback; ROKUSEK, Coach.

Lower Row—GARDNER, end; EBRIGHT, tackle; KIEFER, guard; CROWE, center; BENNAN, guard; BERKEY, guard; HOWELL, end.

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL SEASON RECORD

Latin	7	Harvard	6
Latin	6	Parker	13
Latin	19	Todd	7
Latin	6	M. C. D.	45
Latin	14	M. U. H.	32
Latin	14	North Shore	0
Latin	66	Opponents	103

Results: Won three, Lost three

SIGILLUM

Latin's football team was a success, and although it managed to win only as many as it lost, the team defeated three of its four closest competitors: Todd, Harvard, and North Shore. The two Milwaukee schools definitely outclassed the Latin eleven, and some credit may be taken from the fact that Latin at least scored three touchdowns against their Wisconsin foes.

The Harvard game was rather dull due to the greenness of both elevens, but Brent Stark managed to score the extra point after Blossom had taken Crane's pass for the six points. Harvard scored late in the last quarter but failed to convert.

The Parker game was a heartbreaker and the least said about it the better. There wasn't a player on the Latin squad who wouldn't have given everything to play that one over, but we can only hope they are badly beaten next year.

The Todd game was a thriller, and a break for Latin on a disputed play was the difference between victory and defeat. Todd's passer was extraordinarily accurate in passing to Blossom of Latin and threw away two touchdowns in this manner.

The two Milwaukee games found Latin struggling most of the time to keep the score down. Superior size and number were too much and probably will continue to be.

In the last game of the year Latin easily beat a small but fighting North Shore eleven, and without several penalties deep in North Shore's territory the score would have been doubled. Ashton Graham's end runs were the feature of the game and were usually good for a first down.

Latin this year scored in every game—something which is rather unusual. Although their opponents scored forty more points than the Orange and Blue, this was due to the two Milwaukee team games. Half of Latin's touchdowns were scored on passes from Crane to Blossom, and this was Latin's chief offensive threat. As a fitting climax to the season the fourth annual football banquet was held, and every one was interested in the speech of Bob Zuppke from Illinois, who taught our fine coach, Frank Rokusek.

Latin will lose two fine ends in Gardner and Howell, a clever quarterback in Crane, and two excellent defensive men in Bennan and Driscoll, but Ashton Graham, who succeeds Rennie Blossom as captain, has a good line coming back although he needs two or three backfield men to round out a well-balanced team. At any rate he has the best wishes of the graduating members of this year's team.

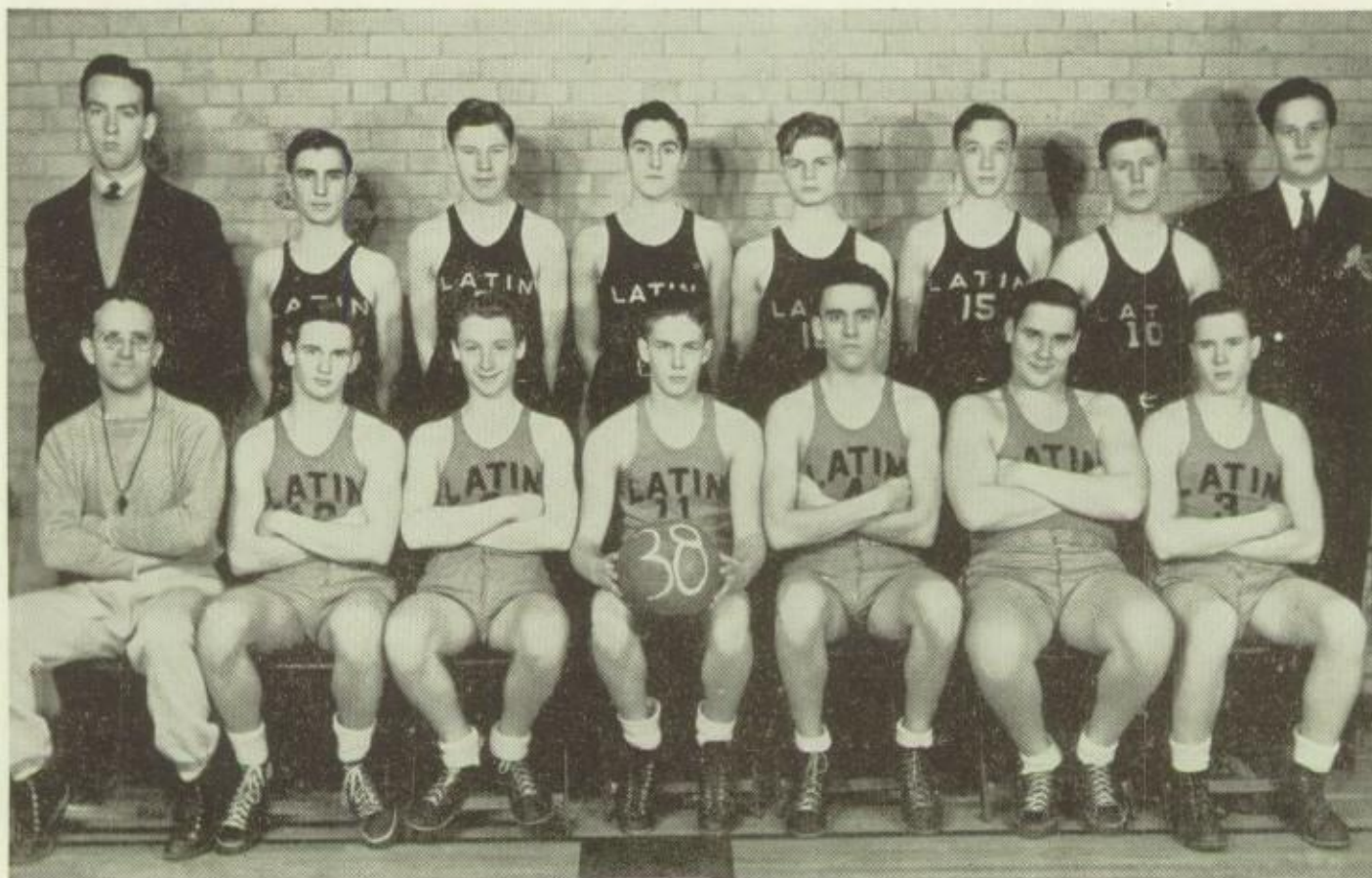
FOOTBALL HISTORY

Football teams at Latin have always been most interesting and more closely followed than either of the other two major sports. Although the records are incomplete, the first real championship teams were the squads of 1903 and '04, each of which won the championship of the Preparatory League. During those earlier years of the twentieth century Latin played Senn, Austin, De Paul, Loyola, and other Chicago public high schools on even terms. In the 1910-1912 regime four players who later went to Yale and were mentioned for All-American honors—Veeder, Owsley, Gallauer, and Spalding—held down positions on the Latin eleven. It was during these years that Latin saw the best players that have yet worn the school colors. Mr. Engle was then coach of the team, and he set up a very impressive record considering the caliber of the opponents.

At that time the school's great rival was the University School, holding somewhat the same position as the Francis Parker school at present.

The high point of Latin's football record was when Latin won the high school championship of Chicago by defeating Pullman Tech at Wrigley Field. In 1923 Latin again played for the city championship at Wrigley Field against Lane, public school champions, but lost 20-13. The accomplishment in the defeat was that Lane had had only three points scored against them before that. McGlaughlin succeeded Engle and teams under him were very consistent, but never spectacular. Pete Fortune, who later starred at Princeton, played in '26, '27, and '28, the latter year as captain of the Latin team. Next Dewey took over the coaching and Chuck Duval, who starred at Northwestern University, played under him. During one of Mr. Dewey's years Latin played three scoreless games. Although his record was not too impressive, it could have been much better had some of the teams shown more spirit. Frank Rokusek began his coaching in '33, and with rather meager material to work with he has developed some very excellent teams. Gordon Spens and Jack Lhotka, two of the latest Latin stars, both profited much by his instruction and have used it to advantage in college.

Summing up the Latin football records, we may say that Latin has always been a team to which their opponents conceded nothing, and usually playing against schools with larger student bodies than their own, the Latinites have always managed to make creditable showings.



BRENNAN, *Manager*, HAYS, FLANNERY, LEVINE, EELS, SECKEL, KIEFER, CROWE.
MR. BRADLEY, BLOSSOM, MCCARTY, CRANE, GARDNER, EBRIGHT, POSTELL.

BASKETBALL

Latin students can well be proud of their basketball team this year. At the start of the season, with no regular heavyweights returning and with only two members having ever played as heavyweights, the prospects did not look very favorable. However Coach Bradley undertook the job with much patience and succeeded in developing a five that won eight of their eleven games. Under the leadership of Bob Crane the teams started slowly, but improved steadily during the season. The highlight games of the year were the Harvard and Milwaukee Country Day contests which were thrillers up to the last minute. Especially enjoyable was the Milwaukee victory, for it helped to atone for the football encounter. Both of the Parker games were disappointing for a victory in either would have been greatly enjoyed, but Parker's experience and Latin's inexperience coupled to spell defeat both times.

At the Private School Tournament Latin did not come up to expectations, and although they looked well most of the time they lost two exciting games. It was the experience of playing in front of a large crowd that seemed to disturb the players and was the jinx which Latin could not break. Unfortunate also was Wally Burke's leg injury two days before the tourney. Tall Mr. Burke, who had joined the team only a few weeks before, was being counted

on to aid Latin's lack of height, and his loss was a psychological disadvantage. So to players Gardner, Howell, Postell, Crane, Blossom, and the reserves, goes much credit for having made good in their first year of heavyweight basketball.

BASKETBALL HISTORY

Basketball has always been one of the three major sports at Latin, and although Latin began the sport when it was comparatively new, it is constantly growing in popularity and no doubt will always continue so at Latin. The records, which date from 1900 on, show a championship team in 1902 and '03, when Latin won the Preparatory League title. During this time Latin played many of the public schools here in Chicago, just as in football, and was more than able to hold her own with the best of them. It was then that the most points ever scored against Latin were recorded, in a game which Deerfield won 71-19. Although it is not absolutely certain, the most points ever scored by Latin against an opponent occurred recently when in 1936 Latin defeated Todd 56-11.

In 1913 Latin had one of the best teams in its history, dropping two games out of eighteen while continuing to play such schools as Evanston, New Trier, and Lane. Basketball continued on down through the years, and in 1929 another championship team was turned out, this time under the able guidance of Mr. Bradley. This team entered a national tournament at Madison, Wisconsin, and managed to defeat St. John's Military Academy before being eliminated. Bud Sauter played forward on Latin's 1930 team and continued to play until he captained the Princeton team in his final year there. Pete Fortune also starred for Princeton after aiding Latin in many games. In 1936 for the first time in the history of Latin basketball, a team went through its season without a defeat. This team also was the greatest scoring aggregation ever to represent Latin, averaging slightly lower than forty points a game. The team, composed of Zeigler, Lhotka, Antonsen, Baird, and Ely, managed to reach the semi-finals of the Private School Tournament at Morgan Park. Earl Zeigler's record of a fourteen point average per game will likely stand for some time.

Basketball stresses speed and skill rather than brawn, and thus Latin with its smaller students has always taken advantage of basketball as a means of defeating much larger schools. And so we hope it will continue to be, for basketball is recognized nowadays as one of the most scientific of sports. Good luck to future Latin sharpshooters.

SIGILLUM



Top Row—HEDGES, LEVINE, McCARTY, ZIMMERMAN, POSTELL, STEELE, MR. BRADLEY.

Bottom Row—GRAHAM, HOWELL, R. JANAS, GARDNER, HIRSCHFIELD, CRANE, BLOSSOM, LITTLEFIELD, BEACOM.

BASEBALL

The team this year, with only Blossom, Crane, Gardner, and Howell returning from last year's lettermen, seems very inexperienced, and nothing too brilliant is expected from them. However, with this year's neophytes including Ebright and Zimmerman, both struggling for first base, McCarty out for second, and Graham, Postell, and Janas out for positions in the field, there is going to be a lot of competition, and this will keep every one on his toes all the time. Although it seems that Bill Howell will do most of the work on the mound this spring, Brent Starck and Munro Steele should help out a lot. We are confident that Brad can develop a smooth-working outfit and the team, piloted by Allen Gardner and Bill Howell, will, we are sure, finish the season in high form. To date, however, the team has split even, losing the first game of the season to Wheaton, 10-5, and dropping a slug-fest to North Shore, 27 to 15. The team, behind the pitching of Bill Howell, blanked Evanston, and in the return game with Wheaton, won 8 to 6. The team is rapidly developing, for the squad has this year a fine spirit and attitude. They are willing and anxious to learn, and this, we feel, will assure Latin of another successful baseball season.

SIGILLUM

One factor that can account for any poor showing of the team this year is the weather. The team, eager to improve, has suffered from not being able to have practice due to rain and wet grounds. The first game with the Milwaukee Country Day School had to be postponed because of rain, and a double-header was arranged to make up this game. At Milwaukee, Latin suffered two defeats, first 10 to 8, and then, in the afternoon, 7 to 4. However, Latin's performance was sparkled with their use of their bats, kept busy producing four home runs. Gardner, in an earlier game with Luther, had a perfect day at the plate although Latin lost 6 to 4. But in the return game Latin will be out for revenge.

BASEBALL HISTORY

Although the last sport of the year, baseball has been one of the most outstanding sports throughout Latin School history. Win or lose, Latin nines have always shown the spirit and good sportsmanship which have become a tradition at the school.

Due to the changes of location, the early baseball records have been for the most part lost; however we find that in 1901 Latin was the undisputed champions of the Preparatory League. In 1902, aided by the pitching of Henneberry '02, Latin again topped the league. After a lean year the team came back to tie with University High for the championship in 1904.

Under Coach Walter H. Eckersall, Latin again produced a championship team, whose captain, Schoenthaler '07, is remembered as one of the finest pitchers put out by the school. In 1910 under Coach Holste Latin again won honors in baseball by losing but one game all season. Although the team merely broke even in 1911, it will be remembered for the outstanding playing of Tyler. In six games he batted .500 and fielded .940.

Coach Holste was replaced by Engle in 1912. In 1913 Latin came through with a perfect season, defeating their most powerful opponents, Austin High, by a score of 5-1. Daniels, pitching for Latin, allowed but one hit in the seven inning game.

Mr. Bradley became baseball coach in 1923, in which capacity he has maintained teams that can record more winning games than losing. The best team was in 1932 when Latin won all its games, with Schaefer on the mound. Latin again had a preeminent team in 1936. In one game Earl "Duke" Zeigler struck out sixteen consecutive players and made a total of twenty-one strike-outs for the entire game.

Baseball at Latin has always attracted many alumni and doubtless holds more interest for most of them than any other sport. Latin's baseball has always stood for clean playing, quick thinking, and a sound body.

SIGILLUM

SQUASH

Squash has always been the principal competitor of basketball in the winter since the excellent courts were built. It's a fine game, and one that is too frequently only appreciated after the student has left Latin. Henry Metz, who coaches the boys, is of real assistance in starting newcomers to the game, and in giving pointers to the regular players. The game should assume an even more important role in the athletic setup of the school than it already does, for squash is fine exercise, combining speed and skill with mental alertness.

TENNIS

Ever since the Kersey Coates Reed Campus became a part of the school, the tennis courts have been popular. Appealing to a wide variety of boys, tennis has established itself as a leading minor sport. This position is deserved and should be maintained. The plans for a tennis squad this year are still a little indefinite; however it is certain that the courts will see lots of fast action when the tournament is held.

GOLF

Off and on throughout the history of the school, golf has threatened to be of equal or of greater interest of the student body with baseball in the spring. At present there is the nucleus of a golf team in the past several years. Much credit for the stimulus and interest in golf in the high school is due to the efforts of Mr. Johnson, who was recently influential in forming a league which consists of Lake Forest, Harvard, Morgan Park, and Latin. The team having the highest standing at the end of the season is awarded a cup emblematic of the championship of the Private School League of Chicago. Also, at the end of the season, each school sends as many men as it sees fit to play off for the individual championship of the League.

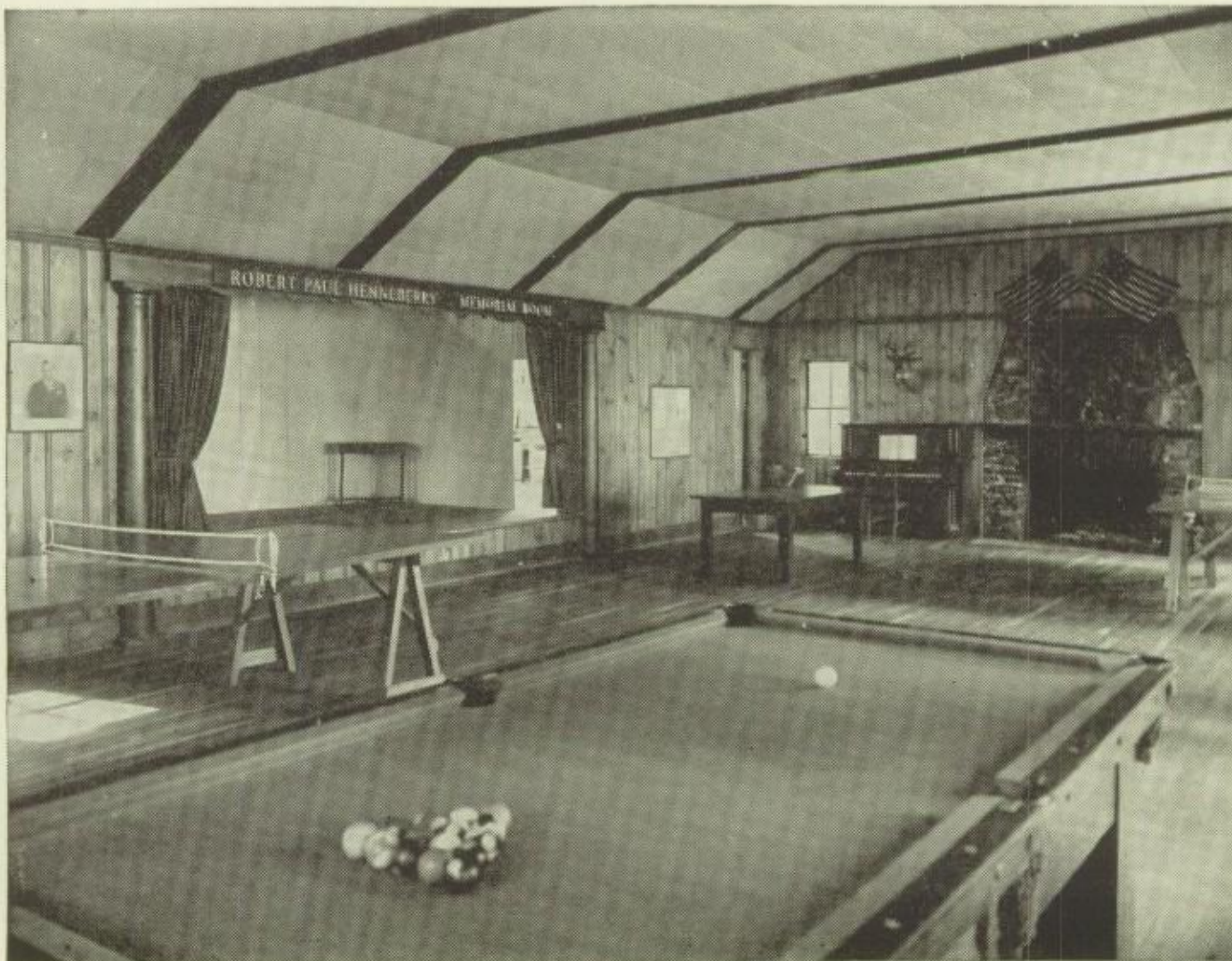
In addition to this is the annual Latin tournament. The winner receives the golf championship cup, and this has created a desire to keep alive the interest in golf at Latin. Mr. Johnson is anxious to establish a successful team and to create an enthusiasm for the sport that will make it of permanent interest.

Patrons' Page

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